

FARRAGO
O R,
MISCELLANIES
I N
VERSE *and* PROSE.

*Hic error tamen, & levis hæc insania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige.* HOR. Ep. II. I.

" And may at last my weary Age
" Find out the peaceful Hermitage,
" The hairy Gown, and mossy Cell,
" Where I may sit, and rightly spell,
" Of ev'ry Star that Heav'n doth shew,
" And ev'ry Herb that sips the Dew,
" 'Till old Experience do attain,
" To something like prophetic Strain.
" SWEET SOLITUDE! these Pleasures give,
" And I with thee will chuse to live.
" MILTON *Il penseroso.*



L O N D O N :
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TO THE
Most NOBLE, PUISSANT,
AND
FORMIDABLE PRINCE,
Z O I L U S.

S I R,

AS it is said that some nations worship evil Spirits out of fear, so we Authors revere you. Where your royal residence is, whether at the foot of *Parnassus*, or at the entrance of the *Temple of Fame*; or how great is the extent and antiquity of your Dominions, I will not take upon me to define. But that

DEDICATION.

many of your Feudatory representatives may be found by penny-post Letters, in and about this great city, I am well convinced. Of all such, under the august title of *Zoilus*, I humbly desire the patronage for this *Farrago Libelli*; In which, Irony and Morality, Ridicule and Gravity, the whining Lover, and the stern Philosopher, are so blended, that your *Highness* may find ample matter for Criticism. But be assured, that the main design of the whole and every part is something serious. The Design of the whole is to get Books out of most of the Libraries in your extensive Empire, in exchange for this. For all the Officers under your Highness must be very well furnished with the labours of the learned, and may easily spare some murder'd Authors, for a living one, who voluntarily offers himself a Sacrifice to the *Spleen* and *Envy* of your illustrious court. Those against whom you have expressed the greatest resentment will please me the best. Perhaps your Highness hates *Homer* more than any Poet; and yet the works of this antient Bard, which lie with other ingenious writers in the corners of your Libraries,

DEDICATION.

braries, like bones pil'd up in a charnel-house, shall suffice for me ; nay, I will give you leave to call it in your Satirical Style, *Glaucus & Diomedes'* exchange. Perhaps your Highness is so entirely taken up with Criticisms upon *Spanish Treaties, Conventions* and Depredations, that you may not think this book worth your notice : But if you will have patience to read to the latter part, you will find something relating to them. Your Highness, I hope, will excuse the free manner in which I write. Liberty of Speech and Pen is the great glory of your Empire. Flattery is quite banished from your illustrious presence. May your Highness ever live to calumniate *Virtue* and *Ingenuity*, and thereby raise the Value of both. This is the sincere Wish of

Your HIGHNESS'S

Most humble and

devoted Servant,

The AUTHOR.

The AUTHOR to his BOOK.

*Nullaque mica salis, nec amari fellis in illis
Gutta sit, O demens, vis tamen illa legi?*



O, little Book, and try thy fate,
'Midst the low vulgar, and the great,
Of Authors, which, in various ways,
Study a vitious world to please.

- " Some boasting truth, to error lead,
- " And more for vice, than virtue, plead.
- " Some try mysterious things to find,
- " Below the plummet of the mind.
- " Some only on the surface float,
- " And tell us things of meaner note.
- " Some knavish politics relate,
- " And light the factious torch of State.
- " Some all revealed Light deny,
- " Content to peep with Reason's eye.

" Some

The AUTHOR to his BOOK.

"Some GOD and King alike disclaim ; 15

"And all ---- for Money, or for Fame."

Midst these, can you in Print appear,

One undistinguish'd cover wear ;

Be deem'd, whatever you intend,

Or Blasphemy, or Vice's friend ? 20

When you're first open'd to be read,

Contempt, or keenest censure, dread ;

Nor for a future trial wait ;

For the first judgment is thy fate.

APPIUS in haste turns o'er the leaves, 25

Content to view the work by halves ;

A broken Name, and broken line,

(Which always wicked wit design)

He searches most, but finding few,

Repents his pains, and bids adieu ; 30

A work, he swears, for blockheads fit ;

For want of vice, is want of wit.

FABIUS in learned comments read,

Polemic lore torments his head ;

The AUTHOR to his BOOK.

Views the first page, then throws thee down, 35

And says, Such works disgrace the gown.

CASSIUS himself, who sometimes writes,

Such fancies, as his Muse indites,

PROCRUSTES like, the Critic acts,

And stretches lines, and lines contracts ; 40

And finding one too long, or short,

He damns the whole performance for't.

PAMMELA sends a boy express,

And gets thee reeking from the press,

Gathers a circle of the *Fair*, 45

With novelties to feast the ear :

But soon repents she made a stir ;

No Poem is address'd to her :

Besides the rules with sawcy wit,

For Ladies education writ, 50

By which PAMMELA, nicely bred,

Now hastens to the marriage-bed.

Shou'd he pretend to teach ? He ne'er

Had any right to know the *Fair*.

When

The AUTHOR *to his* BOOK.

When Readers such reflections make, 55
Blush for th' unhappy Author's sake.
But if, o'ercoming all delay,
To VARIO's feat you make your way;
You'll find him in some rural scene,
Working for pleasure, not for gain; 60
Or valu'd Authors turning o'er,
Culling the flow'rs of ancient lore:
But leaving these, he will attend,
And read the Poems of a Friend;
Finding in which nor Vice nor Satyr, 65
He's pleas'd, and strait commends the matter:
But says, They want poetic diction,
Machinery, and beauteous fiction;
Then searches on his shelf a place,
In which to fix you with a grace. 70
Old HORACE, SWIFT, and POPE he passes,
And many of the lower classes,
And finds, at last, if you've good luck,
A vacant place near—*Stephen Duck.*



To the READER.

*R*esign'd to bear the Critic's peevish Sense,
I count but little Gains in Fame or Pence.
*C*ould I with Satire lash the vitious Times ;
*H*ow should I rate the Rev'nue of my Rhimes?
*A*SWIFT or POPE may give the world delight :
*R*eaders are charm'd with what such Poets write :
*D*escription's Pencil touches ev'ry Line,
*B*eauties in them inimitable shine.
*A*ll Writers, who deserve the Poet's Name,
*R*ewards expect in *Money*, or in *Fame*.
*T*ho' I to ask Reward have no Pretence,
*O*ut of your Stores, kind *Reader*, you'll dispense,
*N*ot fordid *Money*, but some *Book* of Sense. }



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N. B. It will be necessary to inform the Reader, that the Author having made choice of a little house, and a spot of ground (in which there was a *Danish* Fort supposed to be haunted by Fairies) in order to live retired, and amuse himself with the cultivation of Forest-trees, and Medicinal-plants, was reflected upon by some persons in his neighbourhood; which occasioned the following Poem, as a kind of an apology for his conduct.

FAIRY



FAIRY FORT;

OR, THE
PLEASURES *of an* ACRE.



FROM northern regions, where bleak
[winter reigns,
With scowling tempests, and unhear-
[ful want,
Danes and *Norwegians*, hardy sons
[of war,
Pour'd forth their num'rous colonies, in quest
Of happier Climes, where the bright God of day, 5
With vivid green, inrobes the smiling earth.
Unhappy *Britain* first, of Isles supreme,
Guiltless, became the spoil of ravagers,
And bath'd in blood saw *Mars* tremendous spread
Th' ensign of ruthless war, two thousand Moons. 10
Of direful deeds *Hibernia's* neighb'ring coast

B

Was

Ex

Was the next piteous scene; *ill-fated land,*
So near to Buitain's isle. Huge mounds of earth
 They raise intrench'd around, rude monuments
 Of guilty conquest, and oppressive rage: 15
 Wond'ring Posterity in latest times
 May learn from these, when Pyramids decay'd
 Invite no more the curious Traveller.

Near fair *Ierne's* petrifying Lake *,
 These Fortresses of formless strength are seen, 20
 Not yet defac'd by eating time, or more
 Destructive man. Here FAIRY FORT o'er all
 Conspicuous, with *Caledonian* fir,
 Whose never-fading verdure still presents
 A strength'ning object to th'infecbled sight, 25
 Stands beautifully crown'd. One even fair,
 MENALCAS thither walk'd, delighted more
 On superficial art, or nature's wise

* *Called Lough Neagh, famous for turning wood into stone.*

The PLEASURES *of an* ACRE. 3

Intrinsick works to meditate, than share
In fruitless noise, and hurry of the world. 30

From th'airy summit of the hill he view'd
Woods, Mountains, Bleach-yards, Villages, and
Standing on neighb'ring heights, like princely seats; [Forts,
Yet all but Homagers to FAIRY FORT :

So thick the objects, with such order mixt, 35

As neither crowding glut the sight, nor leave
Creating fancy room, new plans to form.

The long-rib'd MOURNE for simples fam'd appears,
Like azure clouds subsiding to the earth.

Far on th'extended plain an ancient Grove 40

Imbow'ring spreads its verdant arms, and casts

A discontinuous shade. Here lofty Spires

Expose their taper heights, unbending seem

T'outgrow the jealous trees, whose am'rous leaves

Embrace the buxom air, to ev'ry gale 45

Bowing the yielding grove. There Vistos fair

Open some noble mansion's graceful front,

4 FAIRY FORT; or,

Or village fam'd for thriving industry.

A sacred Dome amidst the solemn Grove

(To piety devoted still) climbs o'er

50

Th' aspiring trees, calling at early morn,

To pious offices, with awful roar.

Then lusty swains attend, whilst yet the dew

Impearls the grass, the bleaching toil begins ;

And watchmen with their faithful dogs retire. 55

The Sun, just risen from his watry bed,

Still thirsts, and hastes to drink the morning dew :

So *Bacchus*' votaries with racy juice

Replete, and early rouz'd from restless couch,

Moisten their parched throats. Capacious scoops 60

High-rai's'd, project an artificial show'r ;

Aloft the congregated watry mass

Dread mischief threatens, but disparts in air,

Thick sprinkling all the whiten'd plain, which seems

The shining wavy surface of a Sea ;

65

Each swain *Leviathan* in sportive guise

Spouting a flood : The whole one landskip fair,

To

The PLEASURES of an ACRE.

83

To faint description paramount of pen
Of *Phæbus*' fav'rite, or soft pencil's touch;

MENALCAS, on the grassy sod reclin'd,
Indulg'd his roying fancy ; when at once
Lord of the little Fort, and field adjoin'd,
Warm'd with the fair inspiring theme, his thoughts
Pleasing, thus flow'd in calm soliloquy.

Happy, whom reason's truth-discerning ray
Teaches the vanity of rich Parade,
And gilded life ; to whom one Acre gives
Contentment's equal joy, (the cheapest wealth)
On some fair eminence well situate,
With fruitful soil, and various prospect, blest.
As sportive fancy moves, he builds, unbuilds,
Plants, and transplants, appoints the lab'rer's task,
And countermands ; true bliss, if ought deserves
That heav'nly name of sublunary things.
Vexatious pride avaunt, and toilsome pomp ;

Here

6 FAIRY FORT; or,

Here I resolve the Gard'ner's curious art,
 Improv'd by theory, to try, and prune
 Luxuriant shoots that waste the fertile sap.
 And graft, ineye, and plant the quincunx form :
 Like *Adam* in fair *Eden* plac'd, sole Lord 90
 Of all my little world, unlike, I hope,
 In base revolt : For here I mean to shun
 Whate'er, in fairest Virtue's semblance, tempts
 To hated Sin. ——— Wondrous vicissitude !
 To fly the wily tempter's wicked arts, 95
 Where our first parents ate the mortal fruit,
Brought death into the world, and all our wo :
 Man, by one greater Man redeem'd, now walks
 Secure in solitude, where once he fell ;
 In silent walks, with thought-inspiring shade, 100
 Fair undissembling virtue learns, unveils
 Foul vice, and sees the monster's hideous form,
 Here oft desponding merit flies, chagrin'd
 With partial fortune, and th' unequal world.
 Where nature's beauteous works, to curious minds

A grate;

A grateful feast, each boist'rous passion lull, 106
And calm the fretted soul. Not *Envy* here,
With twisted snakes in her own bowels gorg'd :
Nor *Anger*, bursting still in hurricanes
Of words opprobrious ; nor unmanly *Fear*, 110
An Ague-fit, trembling at gentlest breeze :
Nor conscious *Shame*, with self-convicted face,
And purple blush ; nor raging *Jealousy*,
Nor *Love* its parent, fraught with earnest vows,
Heart-breaking sighs, and pining atrophy 115
(Dread foes to rest!) ; but dwells eternal calm,
In air dispassionate, as *Atlas'* top,
Or lofty *Ten'riff*, piercing the thin air,
Above the clouds, and thunder's grumbling voice.

O Solitude ! when shall I tread thy walks, 120
With equal pace, fit Emblem of thy bliss ?
When to the friendly stock, in nuptial tie,
The chosen cyon join ? or nicely lodge
The tender bud, in neat incision made

8 FAIRY FORT; or,

On sappy rind, teaching th' unconscious tree, 125

Fondly to cherish the adopted son,

With care parental ? When self-sociable,

With frequent visit court th' unhaunted shade ?

Whether the *Roman* Orator I choose,

To learn persuasive art, and virtue's path 130

Markt out by reason's line : Or Sacred Writ,

With heav'nly truths replete, above the reach

Of vain Philosophy ; whose holy page,

Like rich perfumes from burning incense rais'd,

With grace, solace celestial, charms the mind : 135

Or verse immortal of the *Mantuan* Muse,

Who sings the farmer's toil, and thrifty bees,

Or paints the past'ral life, and chaste amours ;

Whose pious Hero shews the glorious meed

Of virtue, struggling with opposing ills : 140

Or him, whose birth contending nations claim,

Glory too great for one, as first, so chief

Of Bards, whose soul transfus'd inspir'd the man,

That soars, with flight advent'rous, to the deeds

The PLEASURES of an ACRE.

9

Of warring Angels, and apostate rage ; 145

As MILTON whilom sung. Oh ! was I blest,

And could thy likeness boast, as thou may'st his,

The wings of never-dying fame should bear

(Nor vain the thought) this verse to latest times.

Blest state, with meditation's sweetest charms ! 150

Uninterrupt ; save when the warbling thrush,

Precentor of the rural choir, high perch

On trembling sprig, salutes the new-born day,

Or hails returning night, and joyous chants,

Swelling unartfully the lab'ring throat. 155

The pleasing scene wid'ning with growing thought,

Soft sleep, with Zephyr wings, his senses fann'd :

Then dreams and visionary fancies rose,

Which fly with winged speed, from iv'ry gate,

Or horn, so Poets sing. A Phantom stood 160

Close at MENALCAS' ear (near sleeping EVE

As once, in form minute, th' Apostate Fiend)

And whisp'ring mix'd advice, address'd him thus :

10 FAIRY FORT; or,

One of the nightly visitants, that oft
 On FAIRY FORT in jocund dances join, 165
 I come, my name ELFINEA, to defeat
 Thy rash, unstudy'd scheme. Consider well
 Th' expence; 'tis better ne'er t' attempt, than leave
 Unfinish'd work, the monument of fools.
 Next, with attention, weigh the tedious years, 170
 From infant seeds first sprouting, to the time
 Perfective of their growth mature; thy limbs
 To native earth will bow, oppress'd by weight
 Of age incumbent, and grey locks will call,
 Like ripen'd corn, for Time's all-lev'ling scythe, 175
 Ere th' oak, or elm, the spacious forest's pride,
 Their branching arms extend, and hide the Sun.
 Can'st thou unfold the Vegetable world?
 Say, how the same nutritious soil can feed
 The wholesome vine, and baneful aconite; 180
 Who, as with choice endu'd, like prudent guests,
 O'er the rich banquet, please their diff'rent tastes:

How

The PLEASURES of *an* ACRE.

11

How Elements, tho' simple in themselves,
When mix'd, produce infinity of plants,
Of natures, properties, and powers, various, 185
Yet uniform; still constant to itself,
Each species yielding feed, that feed a plant
Congenial. Growth contiguous ne'er confounds,
With spurious births, the vegetable tribes,
Hating adult'rous touch, --- rare Emblem chaste. 190
Say, by what wond'rous texture of the pores
The juices rise, by what magnetick force?
What fills the stem? What shapes th' expanded leaf,
And paints the flow'r? How does the solar warmth
Ferment the fluid life, by chymick art 195
Exhaling parts, which, mix'd with watry skies,
Form pregnant clouds, shedding their influence
In genial show'rs? Thus honestly repay
Their borrow'd wealth, which, by the spongy earth
Filter'd, sublim'd, fermented as before, 200
Thro' various conduits sportive nature leads,

'Till vegetation's process be complete,
And new plants form'd from parts of plants dissolv'd.

Study the Sacred Book, and righteous laws
Expound to erring man, Ambassador 205
Of heav'nly grace; thy holy function weigh,
And solemn vow. From th'armoury of God,
Furnisht for spiritual war, gird well thy loins
With solid truth; and put on Righteousness,
Breast-plate impenetrable, and shield of faith; 225
Quenching the fiery darts of wicked rage,
And Zeal's red vestment; PANOPLY divine.
Thus, under the Almighty standard arm'd,
Confound th'effrontery of teasing Schism,
Free-thinking Infidels, and Blasphemy's 215
Audacious friends. With courage unabash'd
Plead for thy GOD, against unrighteous man;
Behemoth like, rating opponent force
As *rotten wood*: So weak is impious rage,
And human pride, resisting heav'nly grace. 220

Or

Or if the Muse inspires, fair Virtue teach,
 Praising the virtuous few ; * ACHATES sing,
 His pious bounty, and hospitable board :
 His Lady, fam'd for noble Ancestry,
 And manly sense, inhanc'd by female charms ; 225
 As orient gem, with spangled border grac'd,
 Rich set in chizzel'd ore, the pride of art,
 A brighter lustre yields. Thrice happy pair,
 Brancht into beauteous daughters, and a son !
 This shall preserve paternal worth, in those 230
 The mother blooms : Thus the fair Queen of night
 Moves graceful in her heav'nly course ; the stars,
 As younger moons, twinkling with filial joy.
 Sing FABER next, and ANCON's noble line ;
 Alliance firm : the gen'rous Peer may hail 235
 The joyful day, on which the nuptial band

* If the Reader applies these descriptions to the Gentlemen in the neighbourhood of the Country where the Scene of this Poem is, it is proper to let him know, that Providence, which is kind in taking good men out of a wicked world, has removed some of these to better Scenes since the writing of this Poem.

14 FAIRY FORT; or,

Was ty'd, and a new parent made ; whom join'd
 In sympathy of manly sport, the fwains,
 When o'er th' enliv'ning cup they jovial sit,
 Carol with praise ; Patrons of rural joys, 240
 The tim'rous hare to chase, or wily fox,
 Or bounding deer ; then STENTOR frequent braves
 The noble Peer, with rival speed, the game
 Yet panting saves from rav'nous jaws ; such thirst
 Of glorious victory, and manly fame, 245
 Even in sporting toil. He not in this
 Alone deserves applause, for social ties
 Esteem'd, as husband, and an honest friend ;
 Whose rustick pains adorn the polisht man,
 When o'er the mantling glass he tells how much 250
 The oft-plough'd Acre yields ; then quaffs with joy
 Native produce, pledg'd by the welcome guests,
 With friendly mirth elate, who hail the gift
 Of home-brew'd Ale ; what can *Burgundian* juice
 Or brisk *Champaigne*, vain luxury, do more ? 255
 Aged TIRESIAS sing, to plant or build

Once

Once equally expert, 'till years impair'd
His sinewy strength : The dextrous weaver still
Grateful, may chant his praise, from whom he learn'd
To work the pliant thread, and beauteous web 260
To form *, meet present for the royal bride.
Sing next Prelatick worth, and GOBIUS chief,
Whose modest virtues claim the poet's pen
To blazon what he hides, with conscious worth
Content, and silent deeds, whom erst you sung, 265
When CLARA was a happy bride; but she —
Decline the mournful theme, and rather sing
The pretty youths, that promise to give joy,
And ample comfort in their riper years,
(Oh, may the Father live t'enjoy what I 270
Foresee!) who shining in paternal worth,
Virtue and learning shall promote, if ought
He unrewarded leaves; kind Heav'n still grant
Such patrons; glad some merit then, from cell

* A piece of Irish Linen, presented to the Princess Royal at her wedding.

16 FAIRY FORT; or,

Unvisited call'd forth, shall dress her wings, 275
 And fly to worldly heights. Thus genial warmth,
 Bursting th'incrusted Chrysalis, demands
 Th'imprison'd fly, which pleas'd with its new birth
 Cleanses its clammy wings, and mounts aloft.
 Thy venerable PARENTS next, tho' last 280
 In verse, yet first in tributary love,
 Challenge thy praise; long join'd in nuptial faith,
 From vernal youth, 'till silver harvests grace
 Autumnal Age; nor tir'd of life, nor yet
 Afraid to die; O may they live! whilst life 285
 Can give them joy, then fly to blissful worlds.

If reason nought avails, then dread to hear,
 That woes in various shapes await, to bend
 Thy stubborn mind, as once proud *Egypt's* King.
 Unhappy wight! who first with boldness turn'd 290
 This fairy soil, three season'd ploughs we broke,
 And render'd frustrate all his rash designs;
 One infant drown'd, two seiz'd in tender years

By

The PLEASURES of an ACRE. 17

By merc'less death, the wretched Parents mourn'd
With bootless grief. Hence wise instruction learn, 295
Or worse expect unpity'd ; all thy days
Joyless in painful drudgery of Cure,
Contemn'd, and chain'd to meanest poverty,
With thirst for Books, with shelves illiterate,
Nor means to purchase, nor, for friendly loan, 300
Neighbourly Esteem : still by thy teasing Muse
Prompted to write, or humble song unprais'd,
Or verse *Miltonian*, vain essay ! nor heard,
When plac'd aloft to sleeping flock you deal
The sacred truths, blunted by human phrase. 305
Doleful celibacy thy doom ; the FAIR
Shall ever fly thy proffer'd vows ; Estate
Accurst ! which e'en denies th' imperfect bliss
Of woes divided. Leave this haunted land,
And seek in harmless objects surer joys. 310
With little Master raise the paste-board walls ;
Aloft the stories climb magnificent,
With painted majesty of Queens adorn'd,

18 FAIRY FORT; or,

And ermin'd Kings : alas ! a dreadful cough,
Or sneeze, demolishes the stately pile : 315

So vain and transient are the works of art,
Tears fall with noble rage from infant eyes,
And echoing laughter bursts from wiser age.

Assist the truant boy, the tow'ring bird
To form, risking the penalty of birch. 320

Thy labours may compose the light machine,
The swelling bosom of *Miltonian* verse
May soar above the stars; quaint Epigrams
Curl into wings, dull Sunday prose may hang
A heavy length of tail; FIDELIA fair, 325

And *CELIA chang'd, shall shine two beauteous stars
Upon th'expanded breast : the finish'd work
To airy mount convey, its majesty

And climbing speed admire, till sudden squall
Or tear, or as in eddying whirlpool turn 330

The giddy frame, which tumbles from its height

* These refer to two poems in this collection.

Impetuous, and on the passive field
 In piteous manner lies a lifeless corse.
 So the swift Hawk the tim'rous dove pursues,
 Mounted above the reach of aching sight ; 335
 With greedy rage he darts upon the prey
 Declining cunningly the deadly blow,
 And rushing to the ground meets sudden Death.

She spoke ; he thus reply'd ; Thou mimick Form,
 Thy friendly words, and counsel rational, 340
 Reason's reply demand.---You urge th' expence
 Nature's slow progress in her curious works----
 My holy vow-----and shameful ignorance----
 And threats, the weakest argument---Much prate
 I hear by superstitious midwife told, 345
 Or foolish nurse, a pleasing midnight tale,
 When, their important bus'ness done, they sit,
 In social mood, quaffing good cheer of ale,
 Of cake, and cheese, and many a grateful pipe
 Of the far-fam'd *Virginia* plant. The tale 350
 Begun, silence and fix'd attention reign,

20 FAIRY FORT; or,

Save with the waking cricket on the hearth;
 Close to the half-extinguish'd coal they press,
 By fearful fancy mov'd, as Goody tells
 With frequent whiff of smoke-emitting pause, 355
 Of fancy'd charms, and sprightly Fairies haunts,
 (On wood or river) where with jocund mirth,
 And nimble-footed dance, they gently press
 The grass, shake off the pearly dew, and leave
 A circ'lar print; oft seen by early swain, 360
 When, ere the cock his morning clarion sounds,
 To count his flock, or nightly trespassers
 To seize, he leaves his footy hovel, stops
 And views the magick ring; then recollects,
 What Gossip *Margaret* o'er night had told, 365
 Of neighbour *Morgan's* cow, that Elf-shot died;
 His hasty hand uplifted, on his face,
 And breast, and shoulders, forms an holy cross;
 Then prays kind Heav'n t' avert impending harm,
 Crude fabled offspring of distemper'd minds! 370
 Thy threats, mere boast of pow'rless words, weigh
 [nought.

Objections

Objections made in friendship's milder tone
 Demand a study'd answer. To compute,
 Ere we expend, is wisdom's card'nal rule
 In her first lecture taught. No pompous house 375
 I mean to build, the distant traveller
 To tempt, who takes the stately Column's height:
 From flourishing *Acanthus*, or the palm
 On well carv'd Capital, or female Scroll,
 Or *Triglyph* on the Frize, its order names; 380
 Fit matter for discourse, when he returns
 Joyous to native soil; improv'd, and fraught
 With curious draughts of *Grecia's* ancient art.
 An humble dwelling shall suffice for me,
 Too mean the gaping vulgar to surprize, 385
 Yet pleasing the well-judging few; not grand,
 But grandeur's miniature; which well design'd,
 Can large conceptions raise by figures small.
 Thus in the narrow limits of a page,
 The Artist's hand describes this ample globe, 390
 From th' eastern *Tartar*, to *Columbus'* land;

Marks *Tonquin* here, there *Persian Ispahan* ;
 O'er all conspicuous with its beauteous spires,
London, th' Emporium of the busy world.

The tedious time to perfect Nature's works 395
 You next object. Th' uncertainty of life
 I own, when even vig'rous youth must yield
 To merc'less death, like tender grass before
 The peasant's scythe ; and I, tho' blest with health,
 May fall the first ; so vain are distant schemes, 400
 And joy in empty prospect far remov'd,
 Rating the present moment men should live,
 As if life ended with each setting sun.
 Fools plant the slender twig, and hope to see
 Its tow'ring head high-rais'd, and solid trunk, 405
 Fit to support some weighty roof, or stand
 A lofty mast upon the briny world.
 To me is surer bliss, t'observe the growth,
 And slow degrees of vegetable life,
 From the first Op'ning of the tender bud, 410
 To fall Autumnal in each circling year. My

My ignorance of nature's laws you urge—
Tho' in a winding Labyrinth they lie,
Cover'd from vulgar sight; Experiments
(Sure-guiding clue thro' dark and puzzling ways 415
Of intricate effects) may find the cause,
(Which shuns the rash embrace of suitors bold)
Or praise for th'arduous search; glorious the pains
Which, e'en defeated, merit just applause!
Thus *Daphne* fled *Apollo's* love, o'er hill 420
And dale with tim'rous speed she mov'd, the God
Pursu'd; nor hill nor dale could stop the chase,
'Till Heav'n propitious to her pure desires,
The flying maid became a verdant tree;
In that disguise cheating fam'd Wisdom's God. 425

Long reign'd the Stagyrte in Nature's school,
Monarch of Science, 'till great BACON rose
With *British* liberty, and NEWTON next,
(*Anglia's* last choicest gift) the bashful Nun
Unveil'd, op'ning her virgin charms, and shew'd 430

From

From beauty, uses, harmony of worlds,
 (Endless machinery!) one wise Supreme:
 Th'Invisible, by works made visible,
 Godhead Eternal, clearly understood;
 Commanding us to read in things produc'd, 435
 Huge volume of created worlds, him God
 Creator of the whole; glorious alike
 In rolling Orbs, that cut th'Ecliptick way,
 And humble plants; which he, whom Sapience
 O'er sons of men, intuitively knew, [blest 440
 Celestial boon. Array'd in regal pomp,
 He shone less noble, than the meanest plant
 Of Nature's beauteous tribes by him describ'd,
 From the low-growing moss, to stately trees
 Of *Lebanon*, whose cedar forests breath'd 445
 Rich scented gales; each perfect icon grac'd
 Th'instructive page, and as in native soil,
 On the smooth pliant rind of papyre bloom'd,
 Its virtues noxious, or salubrious told.
 Time's all-destructive force what can withstand? 450

When

The PLEASURES of an ACRE. 25

When not this work inspir'd could last. O loss!
Deplor'd as long as Nature's bounteous hand
Shall deck the smiling surface of the world,
In painted livery; tho' **TOURNEFORT**
With vegetable thirst travers'd the globe, 455
GREW, HALES, MALPIGHIOUS (illustrious moderns!)
Nature's recesses search'd, and brought to light
Botanick love. ---- With these, **ELFINEA** kind,
On **FAIRY FORT** to meditate I mean,
And from created things, the handy work 460
And glory of the great Creator learn.
O thirst of knowledge! Once ---- She vanish'd strait
Convinc'd, abash'd, impatient of discourse:
Menalcas starting, instantly awoke.





DAMON and MOPSUS.

A

PASTORAL.



S chearful DAMON trod the dewy lawn,
Hast'ning to *Phyllis* in a neighb'ring bawn,
Where constant he an early visit paid,
Leaving his flock t'attend the lovely maid;
Whilst nature furnish'd various scenes of love, 5
And *Hymen's* songs were heard in ev'ry grove;
The birds in pairs, on ev'ry slender spray,
Carol'd their loves, and hail'd the rising day;
The herds in nature's dialect exprest
That genial love which glows in ev'ry breast; 10
The dew-besprinkled lawn to him appears
Like *Phyllis'* face adorn'd with pearly tears,

Fearing

DAMON *and* MOPSUS. 27

Fearing her DAMON would inconstant prove:
 Suspicions always make a part of love.
 The gliding brook, which kiss'd its flow'ry banks, 15
 Reflecting all the vegetable ranks,
 And some caressing; with attractive pow'r,
 Dip'd in the yielding flood th'unwilling flow'r;
 Which seems to rise with blushing, and with tears,
 And, what improves its beauty, vainly fears. 20
 The nimble trout, which leap'd into the air,
 Like am'rous kiss snatcht from the bashful fair;
 Were diff'rent signs of love, which made him haste
 Instructive nature's blissful joys to taste.
 One gloomy object offer'd to his view, 25
 Shew'd him some features which he thought he knew.
 And thus the Shepherd : —————

D A M O N.

————— MOPSUS, whence this frown,
 And brow contracted, as of angry clown?
 Alas, how chang'd ! once did thy chearful mien
 Equal the smiling of the water'd green : 30

28 DAMON and MOPSUS.

What mischief hast thou felt? Do heifers stray?

Or are thy lambs to rav'nous wolf a prey?

Such common ills attend the past'ral care;

The common ills of life you ought to bear.

MOPSUS.

Ah, DAMON, ill you guess a shepherd's pain; 35

Nor heifers stray'd I mourn, nor lambkins slain;

Let villainy and midnight theft annoy,

And cruel wolves my tender flock destroy;

More honest is the thief, and wolf more kind,

Than she who thus distracts a Lover's mind : 40

I mourn not those, 'tis *Clelia* gives me pain,

Who stole my heart, and kills me with disdain.

When first I saw the fair, one morn in *May*,

She, not the sun, I fanfy'd, made the day :

Such pleasure then I felt, such heav'nly fire, 45

It made me rather worship than admire ;

And when she spoke, --- ah, DAMON, how she spoke!

Charm'd with the beauteous maid, my crook I broke.

Adieu

DAMON and MOPSUS. 29

Adieu the past'ral life, ye woods and fields,
 Since one fair object all your beauties yields; 50
 I vow'd no more to follow rural care,
 'Till I was blest, possessing *Clelia* fair:
 But from that hour I nothing felt but smart,
 An am'rous frenzy, and a wounded heart;
 I late and early roam'd the silent plain, 55
 Sigh'd to the woods, and told the floods my pain;
 Officious *Echo* catch'd th'imperfect tale,
 And taught the *Nymphs* poor MOPSUS' fate to wail:
 Sometimes fond hope gave musick to my tongue,
 And flatt'ring joy inspir'd a rural song; 60
 The birds were mute, the flocks forgot to graze,
 Lifting their heads, and list'ning with amaze;
 And thus the oft-repeated CLELIA's name
 The music of the sylvan choir became:
 At last, enraged at her cold disdain, 65
 And love bestow'd on some less-worthy swain,
 I spoke revenge; then *Clelia* was the dread
 Of frighted flocks which from my anger fled:

30 DAMON and MOPSUS.

No more of love in softest notes I'll sing,
 No more desire the youthful joys of spring; 70
 Chill'd with one dreery winter to the end,
 The sad remains of life in plaints I'll spend;
 'Till barren hills shall echo *Clelia's* name,
 That *Clelia's* false, and all her sex the same.

D A M O N.

Say, MOPSUS, that yon water's rapid course 75
 May backward flow, and seek its humble source;
 That gentle lambs shall thirst for human blood,
 That birds shall shun the shelter of the wood;
 Say that the hawk shall fly the tim'rous dove,
 Rather than say, there's treachery in love, 80
 Unless when man proves false; then woman's free:
 Falsehood is not in *Clelia*, but in thee,
 The feather'd race shall chant in ev'ry grove,
Phyllis with equal passion pays my love;
 I'll teach the hills to echo *Phyllis'* name; 85
Phyllis is true, and all her sex the same.

DAMON *and* MOPSUS. 31

M O P S U S.

When first I *Clelia* lov'd, I thought like you,
 That love was constant, women all were true;
 But now I'm taught, that Love, like childrens play,
 To joy and pain allows alternate sway. 90
 False woman's heart is like the running stream,
 Which ever varying, ever is the same;
 Pressing its banks, adorn'd with flow'ry grafs,
 Embrac'd by th' am'rous waters as they pass,
 Which, undelay'd, in one swift current flow, 95
 One soft embrace on all alike bestow.
 The Shepherdess, whom once I could adore,
 Loves *Strephon* now, as she lov'd me before.
 The wolf shall howl inconstant *Clelia's* name;
Clelia is false, and all her sex the same. 100

D A M O N.

Man's heart is like the fountain in yon vale,
 Whose surface seldom feels the ruffling gale;
 Whose watry bosom open to the skies,
 Receives the images of all that flies,
 But as the objects pass, the image dies. 105
 Men

32 DAMON and MOPSUS.

Men may deceive, men may inconstant prove,
Women are free from treachery in love.

The *Nightingale* shall sing fair *Phyllis*' name,
Phyllis is true, and all her sex the same.

M O P S U S.

When Hemlock and the baneful *Acnite*, 110
Losing their poison, become man's delight ;
When berries of the deadly *Nightshade* give
A wholesome juice, and bid the thirsty live ;
Then nought but truth and innocence shall be
In all the vows which *Clelia* made to me. 115
The noxious plant which first I meet, shall bear
Her perjur'd name ingrav'd, and taint the air ;
And when th'unwary flocks on it shall feed,
And swell with poison, say, 'Tis *Clelia*'s deed.

D A M O N.

Whilst nature's pregnant hand shall deck this plain,
And what it yields, shall be the Shepherd's gain ; 121
Whilst tender herbs support the milky kine ;
Phyllis is true, and *Phyllis* shall be mine.

I chose

DAMON *and* MOPSUS. 33

I chose the yielding rind in ev'ry grove,
 To grave her name, a witness of our love. 125
 Should Shepherds, base like thee, our love defame,
 Let conscious trees that tender love proclaim :
 Let ev'ry songster of the woody glade
 Sing what they borrow'd from that charming maid.
 For often when we sought the shady wood, 130
 She sung, the birds and I attentive stood ;
 Whene'er in harmony they swell their throats,
 Say, 'tis the charming *Phyllis* gave them notes.

MOPSUS.

Behold yon Sun in all its glory rise ;
 What ruddy streams of light adorn the skies ! 135
 Happy the creatures who are blest'd with sight !
 All nature has, or seems to have, delight :
 See how the heedless flocks spread o'er the plain,
 Frisking with joy, nor think of future pain.
 But ere you feel the sultry noon of day, 140
 This scene will change ; mark, *Damon*, what I say :

34 DAMON and MOPSUS

The scowling vapours gath'ring all in haste,
 Already seem to journey from the west;
 Th'affrighted flocks will strive to shun the rains,
 Fly to the woods, and leave the desert plains. 145

Such is the state of love; you know its morn,
 But feel not yet the fickle damsel's scorn.

Lives he whom love has cross'd? a wretch is he. }

Lives she who's false in love? base creature she. }

I am that wretch; for *Clelia*'s false to me. 150

D A M O N.

What tho' the noon shall shew another scene,
 Darkning the face of day with dripping rain?

Love like a constant sunshine glads our life,

Nor knows base falsehood, nor vexatious strife.

Lives he whom love has bless'd? how happy he! 155 }

Lives she who's true in love? bless'd creature she. }

I boast that bliss: For *Phyllis*' true to me. 160

M O P S U S.

In vain I try to teach you from my woes;

He best is taught who from experience knows.

Go,

DAMON and MOPSUS. 35

Go, silly Shepherd, court the treach'rous fair ; 160
Like birds unweening, hurry to the snare.
Whilst wretched I the happy swains decline
Strangers to love, and in some desert pine.
When broken vows have taught thee how to rail,
Search for thy MOPSUS, who with thee can wail. 165
A friendship will arise from one distress ;
When common pains make friends, the pains are less.

DAMON.

Since love no more you'll try ; one last adieu
I bid to wretched solitude, and you.
No happy swain shall ever hear thy moan ; 170
Fly from this feat of bliss, and die alone.
It grieves me thus the hours of Love to waste,
I leave thy complaints, and strait to *Phyllis* haste :
Phyllis will kindly ask, what made me stay.
Take thou to woe, and I to bliss the way. 175



CELIA CHANG'D;

OR, THE

HAPPY MARRIAGE.



CELIA was once a tender maid,

Of ev'ry foe to life afraid,

Of chilling blasts, of black'ning cloud,

Of open doors, of voices loud,

Of pebble-stones in path-way seen,

When sun-shine tempted to the green ;

She lov'd a full meridian heat,

When others chose a cool retreat :

For damps and dews she greatly fear'd,

And had her shifts and pockets air'd.

10

A morning nap as oft she chose,

As parents kind would let her doze ;

But

But hateful early breakfast made
 Poor CELIA leave her downy bed;
 Yet comforted, to think she might 15

With ease repair the loss ere night,
 And throw some tedious hours away
 In supplemental nap 'till tea;

And this she seldom fail'd to do,
 Whether disturb'd at morn or no. 20

If forc'd to walk a mile sometimes,
 'Twas penance greater than for crimes

Of ordeal proof. From ev'ry stone
 She fear'd the fracture of a bone,
 Or blister'd feet, or throbbing corn, 25

Sure loss of rest 'till early morn.
 Hourly fatigu'd with shutting doors,
 And stopping walls, and gaping floors;

Still teas'd with ev'ry pain of life,
 CELIA resolv'd to be a wife : 30

" This life I will no longer bear,
 " This painful life, borne many a year :

" All

38 CELIA CHANG'D; or,

" All matters weigh'd, I'm fix'd to choose

" A part'ner in the marriage-noose,

" One that has prov'd, in early life, 39

" That he can really love a wife,

" And willing to perform again

" This kindness to the next of kin."

Th' *Archdeacon* comes, for these and more

Good qualities well known before ; 40

He looks, he sighs, he speaks, declares

Such terms as dissipate her fears :

The Parents join, and, without adding

More circumstances, they're at *Madden* *.

CELIA now no more employs 45

Her precious time in fruitless toys ;

Forgetting all her maiden cares,

Wisely applies to new affairs ;

Sees all things done in time and place,

And shines with more than common grace ; 50

* *The name of a country-seat.*

The HAPPY MARRIAGE. 39

Domestick matters fill her head ;
The first abroad, the last a-bed ;
Lengthning the longest day, sh' intends,
For former naps, to make amends ;
The longest day now CELIA finds 55
Too short for works of various kinds,
And all her servants hands too few
To churn, and cook, and bake, and brew :
The constant business of the day
Allows no time for idle tea ; 60
Or trifling visitants to treat,
With silks, and lace, and wicked prate,
She lets her neighbour live in fame,
Talking of cows, or cheese, or cream,
The surest way to make good ale, 65
To fatten pigs, or whiten veal :
All thoughts of luxury aside,
The housewife's art her only pride ;
CELIA's for useful things, and makes
Much better bread than saffron-cakes ; 70

Colds,

40 CELIA CHANG'D, &c.

Colds, rheums, and aches call no more
For *Hiera Picra*, as before;
The winds may blow, the rains may beat,
The windows break, and walls may sweat;
She feels no pain, and takes no harm, 75
In cow-house, as in parlour, warm.
Those feet which fear'd to touch a stone,
With ceaseless tread, are callous grown:
Her delicate hands, with polish'd skin,
Disdain'd from floor to take a pin, 80
Now rougher grown, she'll stoop to lift
A weighty vessel, on a shift.
Fair CELIA thus divides her life;
A tender maid, and hardy wife.

From this example learn, ye Fair, 85
That Marriage is your proper sphere.

VIDUA's



VIDUA's WISH:

O R,

ONE THING wanting.

OOD VIDUA wisely spends her days
In chearful innocence and ease ;
No wealthy widow, yet above
All meaner wants, averse to love,
And second marriages her hate, 5
And formal visits to the great.
She has enough to make her clean,
At publick worship to be seen ;
Can give a little to the poor,
Both privately, and at Church-door ; 10
And something still besides to spare
For decent servant, horse and chair,
And female geer, and trifling toys
Pick'd up by chance from peddling boys.

G

She

42 *VIDUA's WISH; or,*

She lives contented, placing wealth 15

In a good name, and constant health:

She decks her shelves with broken *China*,

Got *gratis*, and not worth a penny,

And some whole *Delf* of finest grain,

Mark'd here and there, with beauteous stain; 20

With cunning art of hypocrite

Puts best side out of ev'ry bit.

In moral things this has no part

Of *VIDUA's* undissembing heart.

Proceed, my Muse, describe with care, 25

On other shelf, her tougher ware,

A pair of candlesticks of plate,

Extinguisher, and snuff-dish neat,

A silver tea-pot, copper-kettle,

Dishes and plates of baser metal, 30

A coffee-mill, and brazen skillet,

With many other things to fill it,

As here and there an holiday shoe,

Receipts and pious books enow;

And

ONE THING wanting.

43

And all so clean, they serve instead 35

Of looking-glass to dress her head.

She keeps mint-water, palsey drops,

And *Hiera Picra*, useful frops,

To ease the poor of stomach pains,

And worse disorders of the brains, 40

Which she, tho' dear, will give away,

Is paid in blessings ev'ry day,

True christian int'rest without waste,

To purchase heav'nly blifs at last;

Glorious reversion for small sums

45

Of more account than *Demar's* plums. *Vid. Dean S.P.D.*
Works.

Her parents she's resolv'd t'attend

With filial duty to their end,

Soft'ning the pains of feeble age,

Whether with flannel to assuage

50

The racking gutt, or meats prepare

For puny stomachs, be her care;

Or watch the sickly couch at night,

Deny'd all objects of delight,

44 *VIDUA's WISH; or,*

Or quaint discourse, or chearing fire, 55

Or rest, when all to rest retire.

She more than pays her parents cares,

And love of her in tender years,

Yet always thinks th'occasions few

Her filial care and love to shew. 60

Thus *VIDUA* lives in widow'd state,

Yet wanting *One Thing* to complete

The greatest earthly happiness;

And what that is, you'll hardly guess:

A——Cat. For rats do now molest 65

Her chamber, and disturb her rest.

As soon as spoke, a cat she gets,

The choice of all the neighbours pets:

Her sable paws declare her good,

The certain mark of gen'rous blood; 70

And strait it falls to hostile strife,

Once more restores the ease of life:

Puss now is fed with best of meats,

The just reward of youthful feats;

And

And lays her head on VIDUA's breast, 75
The guardian of her nightly rest,
That breast which one thing more still craves,
For happiness we taste by halves ;
Some other thing to make her care,
Nor dog, nor squirrel, nor a stare ; 80
But little *Betty* to delight
Her Aunt with tricks from morn 'till night,
And virtues learn, 'twould pity be
That future times should not them see.
Betty she asks ; the Parents grant ; 85
The Child's now safe in care of Aunt,
Daily improves in ev'ry grace
And ornament, except her face :
But inward beauty she intends,
For outward faults, shall make amends. 90
Harmless and witty in her play,
She shews a thousand tricks a day :
But naught the thousand tricks avail,
Or *Puss* her playing with her tail.

46 VIDUA's WISH, &c.

Poor VIDUA's bliss is incomplete, 95

She wants some sacks of coals, and grate,

T' enjoy the pleasures of good fires

In winter nights, when she retires.

She has her wish as quick as thought,

The coals and shining grate are bought : 100

Nor happy yet ; the grate's disgrac'd,

The chimney must with tiles be fac'd.

The tiles are fix'd ; and yet the grate

Looks awkward without polish'd slate,

Or marble jamb : The marble sure 105

Exposes the uneven floor.

The floor is laid, and marble plac'd ;

And now the hangings are disgrac'd :

These strait remov'd, deal pannels line

The ambient wall ; yet all's not fine : 110

The cieling's bad, and windows small ;

Sash-lights become a wainscot-wall.

They're done ; yet not enough, I fear,

For happiness to quarter there :

The

The furniture disturbs her head; 111

Rich chairs, and glasses, and a bed;

Of what expence, and where to place,

Each utensil with proper grace :

But all these got, and ten times more,

As far from true bliss as before. 112

Hold then, my *Muse*, thou'lt never find

The ult'mate wish of th'human mind ;

In VIDUA's case we see Mankind :

Still *one thing wanting*, to complete

The happiness of th'earthly state. 125

To the Author of VIDUA's WISH.

THE *One Thing wanting* you pursue

Through many a trifling thing in view ;

The main thing wanting, without doubt,

Through fear, or prudence, you leave out ;

Be sure t'insert, in next edition, 5

A *Husband*, at your friend's petition ;

The

To the AUTHOR,

The Wish of Maids and Widow'd state,

From sweet fifteen to fifty-eight :

Betty of Husband's not afraid,

Being taught to love in * ginger-bread : 10

But as the child in knowledge grows,

Her wheaten-man away she throws ;

Her Parents choice she will not wait ;

For Parents always choose too late.

Wise VIDUA, then, discard your *Delf* ; 15

Take care of *Betty* and Yourself.

* Vid. *Rules for the Education of a Daughter.*





Bartholomew FAIR.



IN spacious *Smithfield's* miry freet,
Where fatted sheep and oxen meet,
Prepar'd to feel the slaught'ring knife,
To pamper man's luxurious life ;
(Ah, cruel trade, which amply thrives, 5
Altho' of beasts, by taking lives!)
In that wet month when *Barthol'mew*
Lengthens the nights, and chills the dew,
A motly throng assembles there ;
The Saint gives name unto the Fair ; 10
And to a Lazer-house, which shows
What various moans paint various woes.
Strange, that a Saint should thus preside
O'er human mis'ry, and human pride !
Your morals, *Muse*, awhile forbear, 15
And tell the wonders of the Fair.

50 BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

But the great work which I design,
 Requires the aid of all the Nine:
 Ye Nine, direct me thro' the throng,
 From Booth to Booth inspire a Song; 20
 A Song that may the Subject fit,
 Barren of numbers, and of wit;
 Where what becomes the human race,
 Ill suits the humour of the place.
 Distorted nature fills each scene, 25
 Men turn'd to beasts, and beasts to men:
 Here *Harlequin* tries ev'ry shape,
 And wins the maid in form of ape;
 In shouts the Mob! joy express;
 Since brutes succeed, they hope success, 30
 On slender cord *Volante* treads;
 The earth seems pav'd with human heads:
 So thick they stand, so wide they gape,
 That down each throat the well might leap:
 But as she springs aloft in air, 35
 Trembling they crouch below for fear.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR 31

A well-made form *Querpero* shows,
 Well skill'd that form to discompose ;
 The arms forget their wonted state,
 Standing on earth, they bear his weight ; 40
 The head falls downward 'twixt the thighs,
 The legs mount upward to the skies ;
 And thus this topsy-turvy creature
 Stalks, and derides the human nature.

Agyrta, fam'd for Cup and Ball, 45
 Plays Sleight of Hand, and pleases all :
 The Certainty of sense, in vain
 Philosophers in Schools maintain ;
 This man your sharpest wit defies,
 He cheats your watchful ears and eyes. 50
 Ah, 'Prentice, well your pockets fence,
 And yet he steals your Master's pence.

But who is he, with accent loud,
 On scaffold rais'd to droll the crowd ?
 A wanton party-colour'd * wight, 55
 From fav'rite food, *Jack-Pudding* † hight,

* Thing. † Call'd.

H 2

With

52 BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

With mimick gestures taught to please,
And make the wond'ring Idiots gaze ;
To use expressions without fear,
Which modesty detests to hear. 60

Now, *Muse*, in roughest numbers, tell
How *Bob* and he to scuffle fell ;

Bob, fam'd for Boxing ancestry,
Wapping records his pedigree,

Jack-pudding, spying *Bob* agape,
Some ordure for his mouth did shape ; 65

So well he aim'd the nauseous bit,
Full in the teeth poor *Bob* was hit ;

Who stay'd not his smeard jaws to wipe,
Thought at one leap his foe to gripe ; 70

Alas ! his puddings weighing down,
Deep in the mire detain'd the clown,

Open your mouth once more, you leut ;
I'll jump, and tear your puddings out ; 75

I'll paunch your tripes, and make you light
To spring, and shew how you can fight.

Bob,

Bob,

Bob, chaf'd with rage, began to swear,
 Brandish'd his fist, and bear the air;
 With menaces, he shook his head;
 Says *Jack*, O monstrous skull of lead, 80
 By mother curst, not father's wife!
 It spoil'd her avenue of life.
 Victorious *Jack*, the filthy rout
 Proclaim around with boisterous shout,
 Round ev'ry booth, in face of day, 85
 Actors a tawdry dress display;
 Their ugly visors seem disgrace,
 Yet often hide an uglier face.
 The Sun, their sports not to delay,
 Makes haste to bed, and closes day. 90
 Each wooden house then groans, to bear
 The populace that crowd the Fair,
 Where *Wapping* and *St. J--'s* unite,
 Pleas'd with coarse objects of delight
 The chambermaid and Countess sit 95
 Alike admirers of the wit;

54 BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

The Earl and footman *tête-à-tête*
Sit down contented on one Seat.

The Musick plays, the Curtain draws,

The Peer and 'prentice clap applause. 100

The house is fill'd with roaring laughter

From lowest pit, to highest rafter.

Molly, who came in haste from Tea,

Cannot contain, it bursts away;

And *Margery*, replete with ale, 105

Excuse her, now is forc'd to stale,

Ill-fated they who sit below,

On whom such fetid streams must flow!

Muses, enough! you scenes disclose,

Which make the reader hold his nose. 110

From Booth to Booth you need not range,

To look for objects foul or strange.

In painting one you paint them all,

Ribaldry and filth deform each stall.

Nor need you tell on ev'ry side. 115

What fools in flying coaches ride;

Where

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR 59

Where children, from the age of four,
To men who reach a triple score,
Are whirl'd about, or mount on high
On wheels which seem to reach the sky: 120

Nor yet *Rhinoceros* describe,
Nor *Elephants* with *Afric's* tribe
Of Monsters, or an hundred more
From *Asia* brought, and *Greenland's* shore.

The savage monster stares around, 125
And thinks himself on native ground:
So wild Spectators all appear,
He's sure the sheltering woods are near.

Leaving the rabble, change your style,
And, *Muses*, moralize awhile. 130

Say, why the world such fondness show
For Entertainments mean and low:

Why *Dukes* and *cobblers* should repair
Yearly to this tumultuous Fair.

Self-loving man himself does hate, 135
Himself of wo, or bliss, the seat.

This

56 BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

This Paradox perhaps is new,
 But weigh it well, you'll find it true;
 That man does love himself, you own,
 Yet man does hate himself alone;
 What creature more afraid to be
 In secret with himself, than he?
 In Solitude the human mind
 To act upon itself's confin'd:
 It sees the noble truths conceal'd
 By worldly noise are then reveal'd.

“ Good Conscience is a man's best friend,

“ When all this life shall have end.

“ Another life shall then begin;

“ A Death to those who liv'd in Sin. 150

“ By many fancy'd ways in this,

“ We vainly seek a perfect bliss;

“ And after many trials find,

“ That nothing here can fill the mind.

“ If wealth the mind of man pursue, 155

“ In vain you give him all Peru:

“ Loaded

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR. 57

- " Loaded with gold, he's still as poor
" As *Lazers*, who torment your door,
" If knowledge be his great desire,
" Raise him in that than *Newton* higher; 160
" Still he complains, that man's short age
" Scarce learns the world's great Title-page.
" Then where shall his capacious mind,
" For boundless views, an object find?
" That glorious Being only can 165
" Equal the soul, who made the man."

These are the Truths which must intrude
Upon the mind in Solitude:
Hence men, as from the thicket, fly,
Where Adders curl'd in Ambush lie. 170
To all tumultuous scenes they roam,
To keep the active Soul from home,
To foreign Climates Trav'lers go
For this, and Warriors make a foe.
For this the Merchant plows the sea, 175
Sportsmen for this prevent the day.

38 BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

For this, intoxicating wine
 We use whene'er we sup or dine.
 For this, *Pammela* drinks her Tea,
 And studies how to kill a day. 180
 For this the Courtiers still invent
 Some new amusements to prevent
 A Royal Solitude: For K—gs
 In solitude are wretched things.
 Tho' many Stages are employ'd 185
 For this, the world is never cloy'd.
 For this, the rabble once a year,
 In *Smithfield* make a noisy Fair:
 For this you read, for this I write:
 My Moral ends, and so good-night. 190



V E R S E S *written at Mr.
 Congreve's Monument in the
 Gardens of Stowe, April 12,
 1739.*

— *O quis me gelidis in montibus Hæmi
 Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?*



T *ILL Cobham* build a Temple to the Nine*,
 And marble Columns shall adorn their
 [Shrine:
 Let *Venus**, *Bacchus**, *Virtue*'s Fanes inspire,
 Or *Congreve*'s Numbers fit for *Flaccus*' Lyre:
 Here on his † Monument reclin'd I write,
 And gaze around incompast with delight.

* *At Stowe there are Temples to Venus, Bacchus, and Virtue, but not to the Muses.*

† *Mr. Congreve's Monument is a small Pyramid with a Baboon at the Top looking himself in a Glass, with this Inscription: Vitæ imitatio, Consuetudinis speculum Comœdia. Under this is a large Urn adorn'd with Masks, a Sword, a Musical Instrument and a Quiver; below is a large Mask and Stone, with this Inscription:*

Ingenio
 Acri faceto expolito
 Moribusque
 Urbanis candidis facillimis
 Gulielmi Congreve

hoc
 qualecunque desiderii sui
 Solamen simul & Monumentum
 Posuit Cobham

1739

60 VERSES written at M

Ye busy Songsters of the wood, forbear
 Some moments, thus to teaze my raptur'd ear;
 Let others with their notes adorn the spring;
 Poets, as well as you, are made to sing. 10
 Woods, Buildings, Waters, how shall I rehearse,
 Preferring each, as each seems first, in Verse?
 Lo, the smooth crystal Bason guides my sight,
 And shews where *Venus*, Goddess of delight,
 Her Temple fix'd, whose portraitures within 15
 Make Hermits own, that Love is not a Sin.
 Her statue in a fair Rotunda plac'd,
 With all the beauties of the chisel grac'd,
 Makes each amaz'd Spectator with the might
 Yield to the touch, as well as please the sight. 20

Imbow'ring poplars shade an humbler Fane
 Sacred to *Bacchus*, and his jovial train.
 Who sees the God in rural chaplets crown'd,
 And wanton Priests his gilded car surround;
 Thirsts for the racy draught, and merry song 25
 Chanted aloud, 'till madness fills the throng.

Mr. CONGREVE'S Monument. 65

A noble pile demands the poet's lays
Sacred to *Virtue*, rais'd in vicious days,
By stately columns less adorn'd than those
Whom ancient Story paints as Vice's foes. 39
To whom the Classics give a just applause,
Who fought, and wrote, and dy'd for *Virtue's* cause.

Near this a fair exalted Christian Fane
Looks down on *Virtue* in th' adjoining plain;
Whence op'ning trees an even path display; 35
Virtue to Christ, and Christ to Heaven's the way.

The Vicar's Lodge, within the Garden pale,
Raises its head, and beautifies the vale.
Bless'd Patron! who design'd this charming fold,
A Parson and his Christian flock to hold: 40
(Was power equal to so good a mind,
Sure it would soon encompass all mankind)
When to the Mount on Sabbaths they repair,
To learn their duty, and to offer pray'r,
Thro' flow'ry vales and winding ponds they move, 45
Sweet-scented arbours, and a vocal grove:

Objects so fair exceed poetick names,
 And raise the grov'ling mind to heav'nly themes;
 Till unfeign'd raptures flow from earnest love,
 And the soul pants t'enjoy the Scenes above. 50
 Here Christian Vor'ries ardent vows express,
 Adorn'd with *beauty* of pure *Holiness*. Psal. xxix. 2.

A splendid Column bears *Britannia's* JOVE,
 And climbs aloft above the waving grove.
 There feather'd Subjects to his Levee fly, 55
 Where he enjoys the Empire of the sky :
 The jealous trees aspire to reach the King,
 Ferment their sap, and shoot an early spring :
 Just Emblem of a State is seen at *Stowe*,
 Where Royalty is high, yet all things thrive below; 60
 It draws no vital juice from subject soil,
 Nor gives to Lux'ry fruits of others toil.

On ev'ry stone an human form is found,
 A marble Col'ny peoples all the ground :
 Here Gods and men in social ranks are seen, 65
 Their Statues grace the Wood, or level Green.

Each

Mr. CONGREVE's Monument. 63

Each silent seems, and fixed to its base,
Not wanting life, but wond'ring at the place.
The hare surpriz'd, relinquishes her seat,
And flies to search a more secure retreat. 70
To pass the virgin Goddess she's afraid,
Starts at her dog, and seeks the covert shade.
Could *Pyrrha's* consort be distress'd once more
The Race of drowned mortals to restore ;
Here, as in human quarry, he might find 75
Exactest patterns to repair Mankind ;
The life-creating cast might almost spare,
So much of life already they declare.

See where the *Naiads* pour from plenteous urns
A rapid stream, which shining gravel turns : 80
There pearly shells their spangled forms display,
And blushing Corals in the blaze of day :
Thither in haste th' enamour'd water flows,
The mirror of whatever near it grows ;
Till in a pond it spreads a lazy flood, 85
And in its bosom shews a neighb'ring wood.

A rustick

A rustick Column breaks the warry plain,
 Shows from its top a tributary rain;
 In glist'ning drops restores the borrow'd wave,
More charming thus to give, than to receive. 90
 Just Emblem of the Patron, who bestows
 To Tenants, all that from the Tenant flows.

The scene now changes, and the waters stray
 Thro' scraggy ruins, which obstruct their way;
 Unwillingly forsake the silent shore, 95
 O'er rough, rude rocks rumble with rumbling roar.

Again the drowsy *Naiads* seem to sleep
 As tir'd with falling from the risted sleep.
 The Swan with oary feet, and feather'd sails,
 Moves like a ship before the fav'ring gales; 100
 The wild-duck follows like th'attending boat,
 And numbers thus (a fleet) in order float.
 Where *Juno* parts the pond, and flow'ry meads,
 With seeming awe they pass, and cower their heads.
 Soon will each bear betwixt its wings a Brood, 105
 And like a well-mann'd galley grace the flood.

Happy,

Happy, who then shall see this charming scene,
 When Fate in other Climes shall me detain:
 Unhappy Stream! alike our wayward Fate
 Envies our bliss, and draws us from this seat: 110
 Unwilling to the Sea thy Waters flow
 Thro' many a Seat, but none so fair as *Stowe*.
 Herein Life's justest Emblem may be seen,
 A River flowing thro' a varying scene.
 From parent fountain first this issuing Stream 115
 So poorly runs, it scarce deserves a name.
 There ev'ry thirsty Savage drinks, and laves
 His dirty limbs, and fouls its infant waves.
 But soon with tributary Streams it swells,
 And flows to Regions where fair culture dwells. 120
 To bound its Course the Peasant tries in vain;
 It breaks its banks, and deluges the plain:
 This mischief is not quite devoid of good,
 It spreads manure, and leaves a fertile mud.
 At length by *Cobham's* art to bounds confin'd, 125
 In slow Meanders it is made to wind.

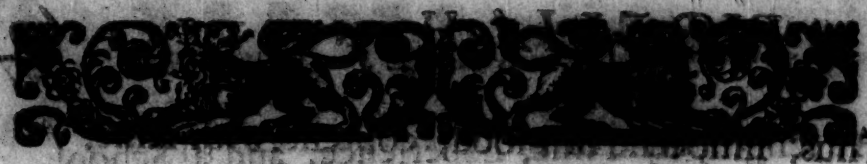
From pond to pond it falls in fluid sheets,
 Or thro' the crannies of the Grotto gleets;
 Forgets its weight, and thro' the *Fet-d'eau* plays,
 Steals under ground, and latent streams conveys:
 In *Proteus*' various forms is made to flow,
 Delights the eye, and beautifies a *Stowe*.
 Hence to the Ocean lesser charms displays,
 And quite absorb'd, is lost in endless seas.

Thus man a puling infant born, his state
 At first appears almost inanimate:
 Subject to female care, his tender mind
 Is foul'd with notions of the baser kind.
 But reason soon with strength'ning limbs improves,
 And the whole creature tow'rd perfection moves.
 In vain the Tutor labours to controul
 Those appetites which actuate his soul.
Bacchus and *Venus* shew alternate charms,
 Wine now invites, and now fair *Chloe*'s arms.
 From hence Emoluments may seem to rise,
 To States, which rate not *Virtue*, but *Excise*.

MR. CONGREVE'S Monument. 67

At length, by Time, Experience, and a School,
Brought home to reason, he submits to rule.
Within the banks of prudence thus confin'd,
He shuts th' unruly flood-gates of his mind; 150
Then makes some noble Character his care,
Or pleads for God, or for the orphan's tear;
Or delves the mines of knowledge with his pen,
And shews the way of truth to erring men;
Bless'd in the Garden of his life some years, 155
Till time the sunshine of his health impairs:
Hence to his period moves thro' many a scene
Of feeble Pleasure, and distracting Pain:
At last his course is run, and life must be
Plung'd in the Sea of vast ETERNITY. 160





FIDELIA HUNTING.



S fair FIDELIA, with her maiden train,
Join'd in the chase, upon th' extended plain,
The virgin with delight each object view'd,
Whilst fled the tim'rous hare, and hounds pursu'd.
With tricks and speed her foes she long declin'd, 5
Now cheats the nose, now leaves them far behind;
She squats, fatigu'd with long-continu'd chase,
Yet fears to stay; then hops with jaded pace
Close by the beauteous train, and hopes to find
The soft compassion of a female mind, 10
—Alas! how short is joy! — FIDELIA cries,
Oh, spare!—She spoke. The prompt attendant flies,
And cracks the sounding lash, and tears the ground,
And threat'ning voices awe th' obedient hound.
For when the Goddess of the Woods commands, 15
'Tis mercy; and the silent beagle stands.

Thus,

Thus, innocent of blood, content with fame,

For fair FIDELIA's sake they spare the game ;

For her, who sees the dying Lover grieve,

With cruel heart, and will not bid him live. 20

FIDELIA, reconcile these, if you can,

Pity to brutes, and cruelty to man :

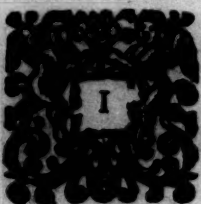
To both hereafter shew an equal care ;

Or spare the Lover, or condemn the Hare,



To an Old CLERGYMAN,
Upon his BIRTH-DAY:

*Who has lived in love and affection with his Wife
near sixty years: During the greatest part of
which time he has been strictly resident upon
his Parish; a most exemplary and singular
Instance of Regard to the Pastoral Duty.*



N fair *Hibernia's* Northern plains,
Well-peopled with industrious swains;
Whose flaxen labours, well I ween,
Could beauty add to Beauty's Queen;
Near * *Villa Guared's* verdant seat,
For contemplation sweet retreat,
Two shady *Pines* aspiring grow;
Nor can *Hibernia's* forests show
Two statelier trees, which scarce appear
The marks of fourscore years to bear;
Indentures on the rind below,
Just seen, denote the annual blow

The Old CLERGYMAN, &c. 71

Of *Saturn's* scythe, that prostrate lays

The lofty oaks, and humble bays.

When last this God, with swift career, 15

Travell'd the circle of the year,

With furrow'd face, and pendant beard,

That silver'd o'er with age appear'd ;

A wreathed snake his hair did bind,

In emblematick curl behind ; 20

His motly dress was black and white,

Denoting change of day and night ;

The figure of the Sun he wore,

In rich embroidery, before ;

Behind, on his black robe, the Moon 25

In all her various phases shone ;

And Stars, in justest order plac'd,

His back (a beauteous night-piece!) grac'd :

Around his waste a girdle twines,

Adorn'd with all the Zodiak Signs : 30

Bright *Venus* in his side appear'd,

Twinkling as if the *Sun* the fear'd :

72 *To an Old CLERGYMAN,*

A watch and dangling seals below,
 As from the fob of modern beau;
 The seals *Egyptian* artists grav'd, 35
 And scarce from eating Time were sav'd;
 Th' inscriptions worn, yet sculptures fair,
 Time's meas'ring-glass and cock appear;
 His scythe employed both his hands,
 That scythe, which quite dispeoples lands. 40

Thus clad, the God pursu'd his way,
 And nothing could resist his sway;
 Till these two aged *Pines* he found,
 That made his blunted steel rebound;
 Enrag'd, he gave a second stroke,
 Then paus'd awhile, and thus he spoke:

- “ In scythes and stones you cost me more 45
 “ Than all my labours heretofore :
 “ In vain I give you wounds this year ;
 “ The next, the marks will scarce appear :
 “ The vital sap still finds its way,
 “ Drawn by the genial warmth of day : 50

“ To

upon his BIRTH-DAY

- " To this you owe your verdant head,
" Even when nature's works seem dead ;
" Shall I thus annual visits make,
" For mock'ry, and my tools to break ?
" Live on, for me : — By *Styx*, I swear,
" I'll wisely pass you by, next year."



L

ALEXIS

ALEXIS to FLAVIA.



Air * FLAVIA, can these trembling fin-

[gers write,

Or can a Lover's anxious mind indite?

Can words describe the bleeding of an

[heart,

That feels an am'rous wound in ev'ry part?

Cupid his quiver empty'd quite on me, 5

Nor has he left one love-ting'd shaft for thee.

Oft have I wish'd to tell my piteous tale,

And pray'd the Winds to waft it on a gale:

Or, as I silent roam'd the lonely grove,

Have bid my sighs go whisper Truth and Love; 10

Or wish'd an arrow winged with a *line*,

Torn from my bleeding heart, was shot to thine.

In vain: The God of Love his bow denies;

Snatching my sighs, the wind, unheeding, flies.

Thee have I try'd in secret hour to find, 15

Earnest to speak the passion of my mind:

* Mrs. E——th D——no.

The

ALEXIS to FLAVIA. 75

The hour obtain'd, my words forget to flow ;
 Nor that ALEXIS loves, can FLAVIA know :
 Whether conceptions for the birth too great,
 Or cannot come to life, or come too late ; 20
 Or that thy beauties crouding on the sight,
 Keep me confounded in a dazling * night ;
 (As, when thou wak'st at noon, in haste for tea,
 Oft art thou blinded with a * night of day)
 Or that the soul flies wholly to the eye, 25
 And four forsaken senses leaves to die ;
 Let others tell : For thou hast struck me dead,
 With charms more fatal than † *Medusa's* head.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE wretch, who dreading waits the hempen
 Doom'd, for the public-weal, his life to lose, 30
 Admonish'd by the Priest for sins to grieve,
 Prays once for *Grace*, and twice for a *Reprieve* ;

* Suntque oculis tenebrae per tantum lumen obortae.

Ovid. Met. l. 2. 181.

† *Medusa* was one of three sisters remarkably beautiful and chaste, who, upon account of their coldness in love, were feigned, by wicked poets, to have a power of turning men into stones.

76 ALEXIS to FLAVIA

Counts ev'ry moment to the fatal day,
 'Till mercy intervene, and justice stay.
 So I, 'twixt doubtful hope and horror tost, 35
 With a reprieve by the returning Post.
 Oh, gentle FLAVIA, send one fav'ring line!
 Say to the just expiring swain, *I'm thine!*





De Sene *Veronensi*, qui Suburbium nunquam egressus est.



ELIX qui patriis ævum transegit in
[agris,
Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa
[senem;
Qui baculo nitens, in qua reptavit arena,
Unius numerat sæcula longa casæ.

Illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu, 5

Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.

Non freta mercator tremuit, non classica miles:

Non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.

Indocilis rerum, vicinæ nescius urbis,

Aspectu fruitur liberiore poli. 10

Frugibus alternis, non consule, computat annum:

Autumnum pomis, ver sibi flore notat.

Idem condit ager soles, idemque reducit,

Metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem:

Ingentem meminit parvo qui germine quercum, 15

Æquævumque videt consenuisse nemus.

Proxima cui nigris *Verona* remotior *Indis*,

Benacumque putat littora *Rubra lacum*.

Sed tamen indomitæ vires, firmisque lacertis

Ætas robustum tertia cernit avum.

20

Erret, & extremos alter scrutetur *Iberos*;

Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.



Upon an Old Man of *Verona*,
who never went out of the
Suburbs.

 APPY, who lives on his paternal seat,
Which sees him both a Child and Man
[complete;
Where first he learnt to go, his staff who
[bears,
And of one humble cottage counts the years.

He ne'er try'd *Fortune's* giddy wheel of things, 5
Nor drank, a wand'ring guest, of unknown springs:
He nor the seas, nor martial musick fear'd,
Nor in the *Forum's* hoarse contention shar'd :
Untaught in things t'his neighb'ring town unknown,
The heav'nly prospect he enjoy'd alone. 10
Not consuls, but alternate fruits, his care,
Mark out his time, and seasons of his year.
One field receives the dawn and setting ray,
And in his little world divides his day ;

86 *Upon an Old Man of Verona, &c.*

Remembring well his oaks once slender trees, 15

He, now grown old, the grove coëval sees.

Neighb'ring *Verona* he black *India* deems,

And the *Benacan-lake* the *Red-sea* seems:

Nor time nor work his sin'wy strength impairs;

Three ages bring him to a grandfire's years. 20

Let others wander to th' *Iberian* coast;

They may their travels, he *true life* can boast.



THE
CURATE's Inventory,



NEAR that fam'd work which blund'ring
By C——s carry'd on, and still undone; ^{[P——s begun,}
Charm'd with th'inspiring walk, *Hackettus* chose
To fix his cottage there, and find repose.
Long had he sought sweet Solitude in vain,
Sighing for ev'ry wood, and lonely plain;
Till rambling Fortune did at last prove kind,
And plac'd him there, and fix'd a roving mind,
Now, gentle Muse, pass o'er the *Tuscan* glin,
Climb to the Curate's cottage, and look in; 10
And if you enter, stoop, and save your head,
And on th'uneven floor with caution tread.
Survey the motly furniture; I ask
The Muse to prompt me in this arduous task,
Whilst I the little inventory write 15
With honest care, and you with skill indite.

82 *The CURATE'S Inventory*

But, gentle reader, think not here to find
 Luxurious pomp, and rooms of various kind;
 His Study, Kitchen, Parlour, and Saloon,
 Contain'd in twelve feet square, do make but one;
 Nor wonder much to see Spits, Pots, and Hooks,
 With *Homer*, *Plutarch* mixt, and *Latin* books:
 The head and stomach sure are near ally'd,
 And one thinks well, as t'other's well supply'd:
 Whatever wits may say, without a jest,
 The best-fed poet always writes the best;
 This Sentiment throughout the whole must lead,
 Something to eat, and something to be read,
 Here ragged Mutton lies, and there cold Beef
 By Rat well gnaw'd, or Mouse, nocturnal thief.
Virgil is still in danger of his life
 From Vermin's jaws, and hungry Curate's knife:
 Who says, his wit the Poet never starves,
 Who eats on quarto's, and on folio's carves
 Some wirlings study only time to waste,
 But he to purpose reads, who reads with *Taste*:

And

And sharply thus the classick Jars decides;
Like *Philip's* son, the *Gordian* text divides.

His Salt-stand's always blacken'd round the brink;
For in the morning it had held his ink: 40
Hence the true *Salt* which seasons his discourse,
That *Salt* which to the preacher's words gives force.
Hence the poetick *Sales* in his works;
Nor wonder if a little Satire lurks,
Tho' rarely known; somewhat from him must fall, 45
Who ev'ry meal eats copperas and gall.

A little chink admits a little light,
Barely enough to eat, and read, and write.
For Poets heads, like *Phosphorus*, are known,
To glow with light, when shutters hide the sun. 50

Here millions of the weaving insects thrive,
And with their webs t'outdo each other strive,
A Spider *Factory*, whose ceaseless pains,
And useless labour, shew the Poet's brains;
Who toiling weaves his home-spun threads, and such
His stuff, which hardly bears a critick's touch; 56

82 The CURATE'S Inventory

Enough to draw the silly maiden's eye,
As t'other's made to catch the vagrant fly.

There ding'd and bent, a brazen socket stands,
That never felt the cleanly housewife's hands;
All o'er with time's green livery besmear'd,
As if a cank'ring Leprosy it fear'd;
Which to the table harden'd grease has join'd,
That late at night a wicked * *Thief* purloin'd;
Whilst studious o'er the knotty page he read
With unsuspecting mind, and pendant head.
Ah! if you will prevent such thefts, you may
Or watch your Lights, or study all by day.

In yonder corner mouldy Slippers lie,
Which once were useful Shots, but now thrown by
(Alas! how time can change!) now bless'd with ease
(True gratitude!) for use in former days.
Near these a powder-bag to make him fine
For *Sunday* Service, or with 'Squire to dine;
Or when th' Appar'tor bids him brush his gown,
And to his Prelate pay his annual crown.

* *Thief in the candle.*

How'er

Howe'er we Bishops blame, allow at least,
In one respect they make a christian feast;
Who to the hungry Curates ope the door;
For he who feeds the Curates, feeds the Poor.
His mouldy walls and roof imbibe the rain,
Fit cov'ring for the hordry'd poet's brain,
Whose daily writings vital moisture drain.

Next to his bed, by glimm'ring light is seen
An oaken box, from shape and size, I ween,
A close-stool call'd, straw'd round with paper scraps,
Which he, for uses, on his fingers wraps;
For lower ordure wisely now design'd,
As they were once th' excrements of the mind.
But hold, good *Clio* says, don't stop your nose,
But lift the lid, and fragrant drams disclose.
How vain it is to judge from th' outward show,
When they who th' inside see, can only know!

His bed's full five feet broad; for wits delight
Restless to change their climate in the night.

Close to his side the polish'd plate is brought

Whereon to scratch the fltering nightly thought,

Who makes his bed, and who his homely meat

Both buys, and cooks, the Muse must next relate:

One void of beauty's charms in all respects,

Whom ev'ry passing Swain with scorn rejects;

With wrinkled front deform'd, and ev'ry blain

That can the body's poison'd surface stain,

For as *Calliope* in vain inspires,

Unless some earthly nymph the poet fires;

So he for want of better converse makes

This *Caledonian* hag a nymph, and takes

Her wrinkled front for proof of fretted love,

Her scabs for gems, and calls her Queen and Dove:

Harmless his love, and innocent his flame,

As what made *Quixote* fight for ev'ry Dame.

Pass o'er the furn'ture of each dirty shelf,

And now, my Muse, with care describe Himself.

And now of clocks told in natural style

Let Homer's self were he alive, would make

How

Let friendship's sacred name then lead the way, 120
 For this includes what makes the honest man, 121
 He gives due praises, yet to faults not blind, 122
 Can censure freely, yet sincerely kind: 123
 Can argue well from merit's great neglect; 124
 Himself an instance shews the bad effect, 125
 Could he with purse assist the craving poor, 126
 Whom now they bless, how would they crowd his
 To all, his learning's loft, but to one friend; [door!
 For who remains, that learning dares commend?
 To stifle which, and to debase Mankind,
 The *Squire*, and *Peer*, and *Prelate* have combin'd.
 With him I oft the live-long night have sat, 126
 Sweetly prolong'd with edifying chat;
 Riffing his learned stores, and chest of chear,
 And night has ceas'd, ere I could cease to hear:
 Who now with solid Sense of Scripture spoke, 130
 With gravity forbidding ev'ry joke:
 And now of classicks talk'd in mirthful style,
 That *Homer's* self, were he alive, would smile.

How

THE CURATE'S INVOCATION

How hard a fate, that so much worth should lie
Immur'd in dirt, and shut from human eye, 135
Whom no one ever search'd, and found, but I!

“ Thro' diff'rent Stratum thus the miner's way
“ Leads him a cheerless road, shut out from day;
“ Till happily he descends the shining ore,
“ Which well rewards him for his toil before. 140



VERSE

VERSES occasioned by a Dispute in Company.

 Wixt subtle Sophs an argument began,
Th' important theme was Liberty in
And here they first remark'd, of diff'rent
A passive body, and an active mind.

The body, as the mind directs; obeys ;
That is not free; which can't act diff'rent ways :
A stone will ever pierce the yielding air;
Seeking th' attractive centre of its sphere ;
But can't, without another impulse, move
Backward, and freely pierce the air above. 10
How far does this attractive pow'r extend ?
Where does the force of sev'ral systems end ?
Just where they end, repelling pow'rs begun,
Make all the systems one another shun,
Tho' each attracted by a central Sun. 15

So hard it is to make a middle state,
 'Twixt love attractive, and repulsive hate.
 Men are not free, who, like these systems, move,
 By ev'ry passion urg'd, or hate, or love.
 Passion's like wind, which fills the swelling sail; 20
 The ship must fly before th' impelling gale.
 In vain the mariner the rocks descries;
 She strikes; he makes a piteous prayr', and dies.
 Pernicious wealth! for thee we plough the sea,
 Delve the deep mine, and shun the face of day. 25
 When homespun flax might cloathe the beauteous
 Better than far-fetch'd silks, and *India's* pride; [bride,
 Sure 'tis not sense, but custom, rules mankind:
 Why are not *Turks*, like Us, to one confin'd?
 But, hold! recal the question in debate; 30
 This is not arguing, but rambling prate.
 From ships, attraction, silk, what mortal can
 Prove, or disprove, the Liberty of Man?
 Each Soph, confounded at the just rebuke,
 Gave proof of inward shame by outward look. 35

“ When Autumn thus invites the wanton hound
“ To beat the furz, and try the tainted ground ;
“ By Summer’s ease made keen for rural sport ;
“ The’ Squires and dogs to neighb’ring heaths resort :
“ Th’ affrighted hare her secret form forsakes, 40
“ And winding ways thro’ puzzling covers takes.
“ The dogs, transported with the new delight,
“ Throw up their noses, and pursue by sight :
“ Fallacious fight ! for soon the thicket shields
“ The flying prey, which yet another yields; 45
“ That other’s soon succeeded by fresh game ;
“ Still they pursue another, and the same ;
“ In vain the huntsman hallows, and the hills
“ Echo the rig’rous lash, whilst madness fills
“ Th’ unruly pack ---- until declining Sun, 50
“ And stiffen’d sinews, must forbid to run.”





The Poet's Reflection upon CLARISSA's Picture.

AINTER, thou well hast shewn thy curi-
[ous art ;
Graceful the whole, and just in ev'ry part ;
Smooth as her breast, the canvas swells to
[life,
Where beauteous veins contend with am'rous strife ;
Across, and strait ; now deep, now shallow glide ; 5
In close meanders rolls the azure tide :
So rivers, in some landskip, winding flow,
Fond of its beauty, with a motion flow.
Each eye a Sun appears, in beauteous seat ;
Her brows, like clouds, to mitigate their heat : 10
Whilst others cru'ly kill with scorching gleams,
She boasts, like temp'rate climes, enliv'ning beams.
CLARISSA ! such thy form : Art here express'd
No more than what kind Nature first impress'd :

Yet

Yet you the artist's flatt'ring pencil blame; 15

And say, The piece must bear some other name.

Should I thy Virtues paint with half his skill,

So wou'dst thou blame the flatt'ring Poet's quill.

To make thee own, what method shall we find,

The genuine pictures of thy face and mind? 20

The way, CLARISSA, you will not divine;

—— Part of one virtue (*Modesty*) resign:

Then shalt thou see, what all the world confess;

Thy virtue's great, --- but that thy praise is less.



EX MARCELLO PALINGENIO.

 I tamen (ut fieri contingit) conjuge pravâ
Moeres, deceptus fato, & *Junone* si-
[nistra;
Hanc blandè prius admoneas, placidisque
[frequenter
Castiges verbis; interdum munere placa
Iratam, illecebrisque doma; nunc brachia collo 5
Injice, nunc etiam invitæ blanda oscula fige;
Quoque potes conare modo sedare furorem
Dulciter: hoc si non prodest, tunc utere amaro;
Succense, inclama, & vultu convicia torvo
Adde, minisque simul terre: quod si minus ista 10
Sufficiunt, nec verba timet, tu verbera misce,
Tergaque tunc duro resonent pulsata bacillo.





The Author of the following Translation, being surprized to meet with such severe Precepts of Discipline, in a very moral and religious Book, was induced, by the Novelty of it, to render it into English.



I F *Juno*, Goddess of the nuptial strife;
Giving a *Shrew*, deceive thee in a Wife;
With tim'rous phrase, and soft'ning speech, assuage
(Gentle severity!) the female rage.

Now try her avarice ; perhaps you may, 5
With gifts, the *devil* in her breast allay.
Tho' raging like a Fury, call her *Dove* ;
Or beg a kiss, or press her into love :
Now in thy arms the *glowing furnace* hold ;
Kiss, tho' she burn ; and love her, tho' she scold. 10
With cautious wisdom thus consult thy fame ;
Try first the mildest arts the *Shrew* to tame.
If flatt'ring words, nor love, nor gifts avail ;
Then blust'ring storm, and curse, and swear, and
[rail ;
And

96 *A Translation of the preceding Poem.*

And ghastly frown : All hell with scandalous strife i 5

Inspire thy breast to tame one wicked wife !

But if nor love, nor gifts, nor threats, can gain

One minute's respite to the husband's pain ;

Then pow'r of cane or crab-tree let her know,

Stoutly on back and sides, above, below, 20

With merciless hand repeat the deadly blow.



* David's *Lamentation* for Saul
and Jonathan.



BEAUTY is stabb'd, and *Israel's* glory slain,
Ye conscious Mountains, help me to
How are the mighty fallen, and the shield, [complain;
Warriors and weapons perish'd in the field?
In *Gath*, nor *Ask'lon's* streets the tidings tell, 5
Lest *Philistines* rejoice that *Israel* fell.
Lest *Dagon's* vot'ries, with unwarlike gibes,
Joy in our Sorrow, and insult our tribes:
Lest Daughters of th'uncircumcised race
Exult in streets with Songs on our disgrace. 10
Gilboa with rain unblest'd, or dewy drops,
May drought eternal cleave thy barren tops;
No more thy soil the sappy grass may yield,
Nor golden harvests cloathe the smiling field.
Of Nature's liv'ry robb'd, the famish'd hind, 15
Field-off'rings on thy brows no more may find.

* Vid. an *Historical Account of the Life of David*, published this Year.

98 David's Lamentation for Saul.

For there the shield was vilely cast away,
 And there the valiant *Saul* deserted lay;
 Of heav'n forlorn, to *Philistines* a spoil,
 As tho' he ne'er was smear'd with heav'nly oil: 20
 Nor friend, nor son, to bring the father aid;
 The son himself was number'd with the dead;
 Tho' *Jonathan* was skill'd to stretch the bow,
 To guide the spinning arrow to the foe;
 And *Saul*, expert, the burnish'd sword to wield, 25
 And drench with hostile blood the spongy field.
 Two lovely, pleasant, and united friends,
 O! could I say, divided in their ends!
 The flying foe they sought with nimble feet;
 Eagles pursue the tim'rous prey less fleet. 30
 The flying foe soon caught with strength they tore;
 Less strong the lion tears the savage boar.
 Ye Maidens, weep, whose Beauty was more fair,
 Thro' *Saul's* rich ornaments, and princely care.
 To you he gave the *wool* with scarlet die, 35
 To you the *gold*, which draws the Lover's eye.

How

How are the mighty 'midst the Battle slain?

O, *Jonathan!*——— Yet I thy friend remain.

Distress'd for thee, I'll weep myself to Tears,

And waste in liquid grief my painful years. 40

If ought a Brother's gen'rous love exceeds,

Or what a woman's tender Bosom feeds,

When to her husband she directs her care;

Thine, *Jonathan*, to me was greater far.

Thy pleasant Life was pleasant life to me; 45

Thy cruel death my cruel death must be.

How are the mighty fallen, and the shield,

Warriors and weapons perish'd in the field?



Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c. *Parodied,*

And applied to a CURATE.



N humble cottage I have rais'd of clay,
Pervious to ev'ry blast, and sunny ray;
Each stone of piles that boast a *Memphian* Lord,
Well chizel'd larger Mansions would afford:
Whilst they endure the rapid course of time,
My slender roof shall perish in its prime.
The winter shower, and the *Northern* storm,
It will not wait, to change its piteous form,
Alas! I totally must die; my name
From such rough ruins can't emerge to Fame, 10
Which still with virgin bloom redeems its prime,
Adorns the poet, and grows young with time,
Let **Grevius* live a sweet sequester'd life,
Free from the torment of a scolding wife;

* *A neighbouring Clergyman.*

Marry'd

Eccegi monumentum, &c. Parodied.

Marry'd to th' Church, intent on priestly care, 15
Serve at the altar, and neglect the fair;
Let the rough torrent scour the *Tuscan* * glin,
And boast its beauties to the nymphs within,
Canals shall last their centuries of years,
Plenty produce, and vaunt the work of *Steers*. 20
Alas! th'ambitious *Tuscan* † poet's dead,
My works unfought, nor shall it e'en be said;
What praise does he deserve? and where's his worth?
Who dar'd to chill the Muses in the *North*,
Resign the boasted laurels of thy head, 25
And seek the silent Mansions of the dead.

* *Tuscan pass*, near which is *Tuscan glin*, is a place in the *North* of Ireland.

† Called so from the place of his habitation, near *Tuscan pass*.



A P O L L O satisfied.



HIS day an hopeful Genius born,
Bright *Phæbus* paints a chearful morn.
Fame blows her trumpet to proclaim,
With joyous haste, th' auspicious name.

Parnassus hears the grateful news,
Apollo summons ev'ry Muse,
To share the gen'ral joy, and sit,
In solemn council upon wit.
And thus the God, the Muses seated,
The reason why they met related. 19

The Birth-day of a noble Boy,
Now * eight years old, demands our joy.
Whilst I on fair *Hibernia's* isle,
Array'd in chearful brightness smile;
Clio, be thine the weighty care, 15
Harmonious numbers to prepare,

* This poem was written in the year 1736.

In lyrick majesty set forth
 The blossom of his future worth;
 His moral sense of what is right,
 Without the subtle Stagyrice;
 20
 Marbles and castle-top delight him,
 Less than the sturdy lads that fight him:
 He loves to stretch the twanging bow,
 Because men always paint me so,
 Judging to wisdom that ally'd,
 25
 Which Wisdom's God wears by his side;
 Even in sports such manly sense,
 That letter'd age seeks no pretence,
 His youthful frolicks to decline,
 Nor would you blush to play, ye Nine;
 30
 How skilfully he turns the sphere,
 Shewing the Secrets of the Year!
 Ask him what time I am in *Cancer*,
 Immediately he gives an answer;
 And marks out ev'ry monthly stage,
 35
 From *Capricorn* to *Leo's* rage;

Can shew the Polar half-year night,
 Whilst t'other Pole enjoys the light;
 Can tell the diff'rent lengths of day,
 How far I from th'Equator stray;
 Knows ev'ry corner of the Sky,
 Almost as well as you or I;
 Delights the dang'rous road to tell
 Rash *Phaethon* drove, before he fell;
 The moral of the tale allows,
He suffers wo, who makes rash vows;
Fond father, to indulge a son!
Rash youth, to seek to be undone!
 Our pedigree he loves to tell,
 Of Gods in Heav'n, and Gods in hell;
 But laughs to find our mighty *Jove*
 Turn Gold, and Swan, and Bull, for Love.
 Is fond of books for wisdom's sake,
 And vows he will not be a rake,
 Whilst *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Homer* live,
 And wit and good instruction give.

But

But half these hints might well suffice
 To praise a Genius to the skies.
 Good *Clio*, to your task retire ;
 To form an Ode, use all your fire. 60
 I will not tell you what to chuse,
Apollo need not teach a Muse.

Alas! the race is not yet run ;
 Let us complete the work begun.
 Without our watchful eyes, I fear, 65
 We shall not praise his twentieth year.
 How many wicked things may make
 A Genius turn an *Irish* rake !
 Wine, women, gaming, dogs, and horses,
 One evil more than these, which worse is, 70
The want of bright example ; sure
 Of them no nation e'er had fewer.
 Wealth, Sense, and Titles, all the three
 At utter variance seem to be ;
 And will not in one man unite, 75
 Tho' they should *save* the Kingdom by't :

Besides, tho' bounteous nature smile
 In gladsome plenty on the isle;
Whilst aliens feast; the sons complain;
And who is good without some gain? 80

"The farmer hates to turn the soil,

"That's only sure of sweat and toil;

"The Peer will soon renounce his letters,

"Who sees mere bl——ds deem'd his betters;

"For this I weep in constant rains 85

"Over *Hibernia's* mournful plains.

"Unhappy land! Yet hope to see

"One knowing, virtuous Peer in thee."

Urania, heav'nly things impart,

And stamp religion on his heart; 90

Be thine the task to form his mind,

And all is easy that's behind:

This true foundation wisely laid,

The Gods will always give their aid.

The Arts and Sciences at best, 95

Without Religion, are a pest;

But knowledge, in an upright mind,
 Pours forth its streams to bless Mankind
 In human letters be thy care,
Calliope, t' instruct the Peer.
 Whate'er remains of *Greece* and *Rome*,
 Altho' too meanly priz'd by some,
 Is sterling sense, confirm'd by years,
 Tho' time all other things impairs :
 In these bestow thy greatest pains,
 And moderns leave for shallow brains.
 True reas'ning and persuasive art
 To teach, *Euterpe*, is thy part :
 Fit him to speak his country's cause,
 Rather for virtue, than applause :
 And plead the suppliant Orphan's case,
 Rather than speak to get a place.
 With all these Virtues should he hate
 French fopperies, and English state,
 And in his native soil remain,
 Not serving courts for vice or gain.

How will the *Irish* annals praise

Our Orator in future days !

O ! how I long to see him shine,

And-blest'd, and call'd a Son of mine. 120

Melpomene, and *Poly'mnia*,

Terpsichore, and good *Thalia*,

Take each your parts, do what you can

To make *one virtuous Nobleman*.

But *Erato* to this reply'd, 125

Pray, let the mother first be try'd :

Her guardian hand will make him run

The virtuous course so well begun :

" Altho' her Sex is well inclin'd

" With trifles to unman the mind ; 130

" For songs and dancing paying more

" Than they expend on learning's score.

" Master is fit to go to *France*,

" When he can study a Romance :

" They will not more than this allow ; 135

" For more than this would——spoil his *bow*.

" 'Tis better sure to want all knowledge,

" Than learn the rudeness of a college."

For all these Errors she intends

In one good Peer to make amends;

Calling it avaritious gain,

That fills the purse, and starves the brain,

Learning, she says, may well adorn

The person who is nobly born;

Nobility, without it, 's lost,

* No better than a painted post.

From such wise maxims, good *Apollo*,

Can any thing but virtue follow?

By *Styx*, 'tis true, *Apollo* said;

The Mother lives, I'm not afraid,

Parnassus need not interfere,

Or seem to doubt her prudent care.

Let us devote this day to mirth,

And celebrate the *Irish birth*,

Hereafter meeting once a year,

In honour of the *hopeful Peer*.

* Nil nisi Cecropides, truncoque simillimus Herma:
Nullo quippe alio vinces discrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoream caput est, tua vivit imago. Juv. Sat. 8.

The Register of PARNASSUS.



Arnassus rings with blissful mirth,
In honour of an *Irish* birth,
Which promises to bless the Isle,
And make the drooping native smile :
Whilst some their tuneful voices raise,
And in sweet numbers sing his praise ;
And others with soft pencils trace,
The features of his sprightly face,
Clio regards his future fame,
And hastens to inscribe his name,
In the fair Register of time,
Before the youth has reach'd his prime :
Early allotting him a place
With those who th' *Irish* annals grace.
Strait on the Shelves she casts her eye,
Where Registers in order lie.

Huge Piles of parchment volumes rise,
Each volume of enormous size;
Whose characters of ancient date,
To Life immortal consecrate
Italian chiefs in Arms, or Gown,
And those of *Greece* who gain'd renown.
Here moderns pil'd in order stand,
A shelf allotted to each land.
Whoever for his country fought,
Or no less glorious knowledge taught,
Recorded here, has found a place
Exempt from envy and disgrace.
In these good *Clio* look'd a-while,
For Records of *Hibernia's* Isle.
But pity her distracted mind,
When she no records there could find.
Strait to *Apollo* *Clio* flies
To tell the case with weeping eyes;
Distress'd to know what should be done,
She thus her piteous tale begun:

Alas! your Godship sure can tell,
 If any God of Heav'n or Hell—
 In steps *Thalia* with relief,
 And interrupts good *Clio's* grief. 40
 The Book you so long sought I found
 In dirty plight upon the ground,
 In heaps of litter'd parchments bury'd,
 As I from place to place was hurry'd;
 There by some careless person thrown, 45
 And being almost useless grown,
 No Muse has thought it worth her while,
 To search for a forgotten isle.
 But since the Book is luck'ly found,
 Pray cleanse it well, and get it bound; 50
 And for the glory of this year,
 Inscribe the name of th' *Irish* Peer.

Then *Clio* gave a cheerful look,
 With ready hand she turn'd the Book;
 And scarce a leaf or two did lift,
 Before she spy'd the name of *SWIFT*, 55

The last who merited his name
To have inscrib'd in book of fame.
Next him she plac'd the *Irish* Peer,
Noting the Day, and Month, and Year: 60
August the Month, from thence she reckon'd,
And noted down the twenty-second.
Chusing the *Irish* style to fix,
She for the year mark'd thirty-six.
Writing his age on a new line, 65
Beginning lucky number nine.
She chose a spot, and wrote upon't
In fairest Letters, *Ch——nt.*





SATURNALIA.



WHEN SATURN, banish'd from above,

To *Latium* fled from angry Jove,

The exil'd God refin'd our race,

And taught the useful arts of Peace ;

A golden Age, when fertile lands

Produc'd without the farmer's hands.

Of this the SATURNALIA feast

Was well design'd to give a taste ;

When *Rome* a gen'ral freedom gave,

And plenteous chear reviv'd the slave ;

When gladsome tradesmen shut up shops,

And merry school-boys whip'd their tops ;

In *Roman* Authors thus we read,

And Roman Authors are our Creed ;

Unaw'd by *Presbyterian* Spite,

I will preserve this *Heathen* Rite :

You

SATURNALIA. 115

You frown; yet I'm resolv'd to play
Wholly from *Christmas* to *Twelfth-day*;
Small term of Idleness --- if you knew,
How much to Wealth and Title's due : 20
Always at School ! The *Irish* Peer
Keeps SATURNALIA all the year.



Q 2

The

You

The Embassy from PARNASSUS.

Written in 1737.



POLL O, who, in Thirty-six,
Resign'd the Peer, and swore by Styx;
Fretted, when he began to know
What idle *Fame* divulg'd below,

For e'en PARNASSUS, you shall see,
From idle Gossips is not free.

This morning each *Pierian* Maid
At Court their early duty paid;
And thus the God, without delay,
Declar'd the bus'ness of the day:

Thrice welcome, ye *Castalian* Nine;
Once have I mov'd th' *Ecliptick* Line,
And finish'd an unpleasant Year,
Since we gave up the *Irish* Peer.
I need not tell you our disgrace;
I see confusion in each face;

You all are parties in the mischief;
Nor is there any doubt who is chief,
When I, Lord Chancellor of Heav'n,
To female care my *Ward* have given. 20

What fools were we, to be thus foil'd;
That Sex has oft a genius spoil'd;
And this our folly greater makes,
E'en men learn wisdom from mistakes.

But, haste! call *Mercury*: The *Peer* 25

Shall quickly be translated here;

A neat *Cup-bearer* he shall be,

In heav'nly feasts, to you and me.

Such, when a fall disgrac'd the Maid,

From *Ida Jove* took *Ganymede*: 30

Or, if this office he refuse,

Perhaps *Postillion* he may chuse,

To guide my steeds thro' heav'nly ways,

The taste of Peers in modern days.

Haste, *Mercury*, to earth, unseen, 35

And snatch the *Peer* from *Stephen's Green*,

118 *The Embassy from PARNASSUS.*

He spoke : — And *Hermes* left the skies,

But strait return'd without his prize ;

And told the grateful News he brought ;

For Gods can fly as quick as thought.

40

“ The Peer I found in studious mood,

“ Endeav’ring to be wise, and good ;

“ Learning, with equal care, the art

“ To fill the mind, and rule the heart ;

“ In knowledge far advanc’d above

45

“ The pitch of those whom mothers love.”

Sure, had you known how he has thriv’n,

Such Orders you had never giv’n ;

* *Iris*, who ever mischief bears,

Has whisper’d falshoods in your ears.

50

Hereafter never credit lyes,

Tho’ told by Ladies of the Skies.

* *Iris is a female Messenger of bad News amongst the Gods, as Mercury is of good.*

The Wicked M A N's Reflections on the
Vanity of H U M A N L I F E.

A Paraphrase on part of WISDOM Vth.

OW vain is wealth and pageantry ! how
[vain
Are all life's transitory joys, which pass
Unworthy of remembrance, in the
[course
Of trackless Time ! As fleeting *Clouds* aloft,
Swift moving, journey thro' the pathless air,
Casting their shadows ; which, with equal pace,
Travel below ; nor footsteps of their course
Are left in air, or earth. ---- With packets fraught
Importing war or peace, the *Courier* thus
Hastens to some Metropolis, nor stays 10
To take refreshment, or to view the rich
And pop'lous towns, the splendid monuments,
The scraggy mountains, or well-planted vales :
When at his Sov'reign's palace he alights,
Men, fond to hear the trav'ler's wondrous tale 15
Of

120 *The Wicked Man's Reflections*

Of Climes remote, with many a question tease
 Him ignorant of all he pass'd. --- And thus
 The *Frigate* from rich *India's* spicy coast,
 Bound to some distant harbour, shapes her way,
 Cutting a transient furrow with her keel, 20
 For which in vain you search; the liquid plain
 Closing behind, effaces all the track.
 With spreading plumage thus the *Bird* aloft
 Bears itself up, and fans the parting air;
 Rowing with nimble wings its fancy'd way, 25
 It cuts the liquid sky, which soon returns
 With force elastick, to the vacant space,
 Leaving no path-way to be seen. --- Or like
 An *Arrow* from the twanging bow, which some
 Experienc'd archer, from his brawny arm, 30
 Shoots to the mark; the feather'd weapon drills
 Dextrous its passage thro' the yielding air;
 Which closing strait, obliterates the path,
 --- So we, as soon as fleshly tinder feels
 The spark of life, become extinct; and find 35

Small interval 'twixt our fun'ral and birth, 10
 Not all our boasted actions give us then
 Virtue's sweet mem'ry. --- What was all our hope?
 Vain, impious hope! like *Dust* with ev'ry blast
 Of rapid air blown vagabond: Or *Froth*, 40
 On the fermenting surface of the deep,
 Rais'd by a storm, and bursting with the same:
 Or fetid *Smoke* blown from its smouldring form,
 When raging winds tempest the atmosphere:
 Or as remembrance of a *Guest*, who late 45
 At night arrives, and, after due repast
 Of meat and sleep, as soon as rising beams
 Of blushing light purple the eastern sky,
 In haste pursues his way. --- Not such the life
 Of righteous men; their mem'ry never fades, 50
 In blissful regions of a future world,
 Where th'everlasting recompence of life,
 In presence of th' All-gracious God, shall be
 Their glorious crown, when *Time's* worn wheel shall
 To roll, and One Eternal NOW exist. (Rev. x. 6.) 55



VERSES prefixed to the FABLES of GAY,
And presented to a young NOBLEMAN on
NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

 Hese *Fables*, for a PRINCE design'd,
To guard from Vice a Royal Mind,
Accept from me, Most Noble Peer,
Meet Off'ring for the new-born Year.

Do YOU and CUMBERLAND contend, 5
Who most shall be true Virtue's friend ;
Whilst *Gay* and I shall try our art,
Who best shall act the Teacher's part.
If loyalty will let me write,
What private love wou'd fain indite, 10
May You the PRINCE as far outshine,
As *Gay's* worst Lay the best of mine.
“ Learn what becomes a noble state ;
“ *That to be Good, is to be Great.*
“ Begin the soothing tongue to fear ; 15
“ To those who tell your faults, give ear.

“ *Excess*

Verſes prefixed to the Fables of GAY. 123

- " Exceſs of praiſes ſeals our minds,
" Againſt inſtructions of all kinds :
" If ſome falls juſtly to thy ſcore,
" Think it a bribe to merit more. 20
" For moral conduct form your rule,
" Not from the faulty world, but ſchool.
" Men faintly practice what is right ;
" Books Virtue place in faireſt light.
" In this yourſelf ſuperior make, 25
" And give th' example you can't take.
" For Virtue's ſake, her paths purſue,
" Trod only by the wiſer few :
" Lament her undeſerved fate,
" Alive in rags, and dead in ſtate. 30
" This mournful * Frontiſpiece will ſhew,
" A weeping Marble, deem'd her due :
" Poor gratitude for uſeful Lays ;
" Poor as the living Poet's Bays!

* *A Print of GAY's Monument, prefixed to his FABLES.*

124 *Verses prefixed to the Fables of GAY.*

“ Search You to find where Virtues dwell, 35

“ Draw bashful Merit from her Cell ;

“ Don’t let her, wanting cloaths and food,

“ Live on the sense of being good.

“ Think not to raise a Marble Bust,

“ Is fully to discharge your trust.” 40

But why should I a Youth delay,

Curious to know the Tales of GAY ?

To You I need not Morals preach,

As apt to learn, as he to teach.

Wou’d Poets thus Instruction write, 45

And Peers contend to profit by’t ;

Then wou’d I wish, that ev’ry Year

Produc’d a *Poet*, and a *Peer*.





THE
GENTLEMAN *and the* RAT.

A
F A B L E.



S farmers seeds in plenty sow,
Yet don't expect that all will grow;
When one in four of all the grain
Thrives, it is deem'd sufficient gain:
So gen'rous men, whose favours flow
Promiscuously on all they know,
Are not deceiv'd, who do not find
For ev'ry gift a grateful mind.
(For why shou'd human nature yield
Larger increase, than does the field?)
Yet one, for all th'ungrateful, may,
Who least had promis'd, amply pay.

To this the following story's pat,
Read, and be grateful as the *Rat*.

A *Gentleman's* well-furnish'd board
Did meat and drink to all afford;
A chearful mind his table grac'd,
Which makes a common meal a feast.
The rich within, the craving poor
He kept, like Centries, at his door;
These blest'd him always as he pass'd;
Those prais'd him, *for he ne'er kept fast*.
Each parting visitant ne'er fails
To leave the servants ample vails;
Nor this enough, their gen'rous Lord,
Did sure as wages, gifts afford.
Ever concern'd for human weal,
He heard a kinsman's piteous tale;
And always thought the case was worse,
Which empty'd oft the good man's purse.
His great benevolence of mind,
To human race was not confin'd;

Dogs,

Dogs, horses, birds, alike his pets,
Each something of his bounty gets.

E'en to a *Rat* he favour show'd, 35

To some as odious as a toad :

To him for bread it often came,

(For kindness can all creatures tame)

Fearless it fed upon his hand,

Wou'd on his lap or shoulder stand ; 40

And mindful of domestic brood,

Sometimes it leap'd away with food.

It chanc'd one ev'ning, as he sat,

Musing alone on this and that ;

But chiefly that th'ungrateful deed, 45

Is oft return'd, as virtue's meed ;

Complaining, he himself address'd

In soft solil'quy thus express'd :

When freeholders with me wou'd dine,

I ne'er refus'd them meat and wine ; 50

Yet last Election for the shire,

They voted for an upstart 'Squire.

To kinsmen I have favour shown,
I give to all, am thank'd by none :
My partial bounty they malign, 55
Which spent in vice, they still repine :
My wicked servants grossly cheat,
Altho' their honest income's great :
Whilst they purloin within, the poor
Steal ev'ry thing without the door : 60
Nor is this all ; one may, at least,
Expect some virtue from a beast ;
Who, when his stomach is at ease,
Has no false appetite to please :
Last night my dogs disturb'd my sleep, 65
And breaking loose, destroy'd my sheep ;
My horses wonted pasture scorn,
O'erleap my fence, and spoil my corn ;
The birds, whom oats and barley cloy,
Ungratefully my fruit destroy : 70
Neither in man or beast I find,
The symptoms of a grateful mind.

Thus tir'd with thought, he clos'd his eyes,
Which soon were open'd with surprize :
For by some motion of his hand, 75
Tho' sleeping, he o'erfet the stand,
Which held the lamp——The flame soon spread,
And rising smoke now reach'd his head.
The *Rat* perceiving future ill,
By something like prophetic skill ; 80
Or that his sense is more acute
Than man's, in this below a brute ;
Not as self-int'rest ill directs,
Itself alone from harm protects ;
But grateful to his Patron flies, 85
Denoting terror by his cries ;
And kindly tweak'd his cheek and nose,
Till wak'ning in a fright he rose,
And sav'd his wealth——his murm'ring ceas'd,
He ever thank'd the grateful beast ; 90
Own'd, his benevolence was paid
In ample measure, tho' delay'd :
And after bore a * *Rat* for Crest,
Regardless of the scoffers jest.

* The Truth of this
Story is well attested,
though told here as a
Fable.



T H E

Progress of L I F E.

----- *-orditur ab ovo*.*

----- *Et quæ*
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.



IND Muse, transgress the laws of verse,

MENALCAS' history rehearse.

Judicious *Horace*' precept vary,

In res medias festinare.

Fully do you his story tell,

From the first *breaking of the shell**.

When *Barcelona* did surrender,

And *Spaniard* prov'd a weak defender,

(Reader, if you in annals dive,

You'll find that year was number five)

The Hero of our song was born,

Of cold *December*, the eighth morn:

And

And since he was conceiv'd in *May*,

* *Female* in him prevail'd, they say:

But this was only in his face,

Adorn'd with a peculiar grace:

The nobler part of man, his mind,

Was ever steady to his kind.

Soon as he breath'd the vital air,

The Midwife's kiss pronounc'd him fair: 20

Each prating Gossip pleasure sips,

From the soft pressure of his lips.

From hence unto the seventh year,

He was the fav'rite of the *Fair*;

A piece of human paste for kisses, 25

And play-thing for all pretty Misses.

It gave the Ladies great delight,

With whom he was to lie a night.

All *pawpaw* nurs'ry tricks he knew,

Which Women before children do. 30

* *Vid. Bacon's Nat. Hist. Cen. 7. Exp. 695.*

He saw—nor has he yet forgot,
How Females us'd to go to p——t.

But, Muse, some better matter tell;
MENALCAS now lisps *English* well.

The boy must not be spoil'd; a school 35
Must shape him into human rule.

From long descent of Priesthood, he,
A priest *ex traduce*, must be.

His parents of the better kind,
Of beauteous person, and of mind; 40

Yet both together lie unfrung,
Leaving a num'rous offspring young;

Who to each other credit give,
Whilst all in virtuous labours live.

“ Muse, turn thy praises to a pray'r; 45

“ For this thank heav'n's paternal care;

“ Which ever is the surest guide,

“ To such as can in heav'n confide.

“ May they, tenacious in the way

“ Of truth, celestial praise display 50

" May they, in tributary pray'r,

" Eternal gratitude declare.

" For they were rescu'd from the paw,

" Of *Guardian Lion*, and the law,

" A *Guardian* both by friendship ty'd,

" And Nature's binding link ally'd."

Thy office, Muse, suspend a-while;

For I must change my pious style.

Daughters of *Nox*, ye Furies three,

Inspire my soul with enmity,

To paint this Monster to the world,

Such as the Fiends from heaven hurl'd.

Half Venom cannot feed my spite,

All three your snaky locks unite;

What fitter composition can,

Than poison, paint so vile a man?

Who, debt of gratitude to pay

To parent, strove the Sons to slay.

Let Letters like his * Crimes proclaim;

As long as Verse shall last, his Name

* Capitals.

Who

Who like a *Trojan* hero held
 A Ten years suit, was forc'd to yield;
 Now begs an alms, yet claims a right,
 To rebuild, and renew the fight:
 But sure new *Chancellors*, like *Jove*,
 Will thunder Vengeance from above;
 And make a Vil---n bend his knee,
 Who dares dispute a wise decree.

Thy office, *Muse*, resume, and tell,
 What novelties at School befall.
 MENALCAS now begins to know,
 Sensations from the Birch below.
 Grammars and Classic Authors he,
 Labours to learn with industry;
 Outstrips three Brothers by his pains,
 Rather than by force of brains.
 For each behind a Counter shines,
 And makes more pence than three † Divines.

† MENALCAS is one of six Brothers, three of whom are Divines, but have no preferment, and two of them no employment in the Church.

Quickly does he all rivals pass,
And climbs by merit in his class.
To him the idle Blockheads flock,
To borrow thoughts from his rich stock.
They offer bribes, a cake, or plum,
To save the penance of a bum.

The bribe rejected, he would lend
A paltry thought, to save a friend.
Ill-judg'd Beneficence!—For they,
(Forgive it, Muse) now vice display.

Set up for infidels and wits,
And Scripture scoff, by shreds and bits.

They only shew the fruits of School,
MENALCAS now is thought a fool.

But haste, and place him in that college,
The seat of youthful bliss, and knowledge;
Where USHER drank the milk of lore,

And all excell'd who wrote before,
Who Learning largely did dispense,
Himself a Library of Sense:

Where

Where *DODWELL studied, who did grace
 The Letters of another place: 110
 Where CONGREVE learn'd to tune his lyre,
 And first conceiv'd poetic fire:
 Where HELSHAM lectur'd, and explain'd,
 Of Nature all that NEWTON mean'd;
 Where BERKLY learn'd to reason pure, 115
 Directed by truth's Cynosure:
 And where DELANY taught the art,
 To fill the mind, and move the heart,
 By nicest Oratorical rules,
 Borrow'd from Nature, not the Schools. 120
 Where many noble Wits reside,
 Closely to Learning's work apply'd;
 To form the Mind, and Youths prepare,
 For Senate, Pulpit, and the Bar.
 If, after these, MENALCAS name 125
 I may, without offence to fame;

* The learned Mr. DODWELL was removed from the University of Dublin to that of Oxford, where he was made professor of History.

He study'd there with great delight,

And boasts to have reap'd profit by't ;

Not worldly Riches, but a kind

More truly valu'd, of the Mind :

130

He scrap'd his brain, and cleans'd it well,

Examin'd ev'ry little cell,

For foulnesses contracted early,

(Which often cost the owners dearly)

With nicest scrutiny to erase

135

Each *nurs'ry mark*, each female trace,

Thus he renew'd the surface clean,

And *rasa tab'la* of his brain.

So, when a butcher handles tripe,

First one, and then another wipes ;

140

He scrubs and rinses ev'ry bit,

'Till they for cleanly food are fit.

Or, if this sm'le be improper,

So, when an artist handles copper,

Whereon to make a human face,

145

Which num'rous lines at first disgrace ;

T

He

He scrapes the black into a white,
 And burnishes the shade and light;
 Then here and there some lines he graves,
 The plate a human form receives. 150

MENALCAS thus, with wond'rous pains,
*Plucks up * Old Women from his brains;*
 And plants Philos'phy in their stead,
 The manly furn'ture of the head;
 And Christian Truths, which raise the mind, 155
 Above the chagrin of mankind;

And make it bear, like solid rock,
 The force of ev'ry worldly shock:
 " That a sound mind, with constant health,
 " Is better happiness than wealth: 160

" That necessary, saving knowledge,
 " May be obtain'd, without a college:
 " That men the thread of science spin,
 " Much less for goodness, than for sin:
 " That *Grace* than Virtue is far better, 165
 " As far as *Spirit* is than *Letter*:

* *Et veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*

" That

The Progress of LIFE.

139

- " That it is rather got by Pray'r,
" And Trust in God, than learned Care:
" That men, engag'd in Scripture study,
" Are often brib'd the Source to muddy : 170
" That modern Preachers are mistaken,
" Who Scripture have for Wit forsaken:
" That moral Prudence, and good Life,
" Might stop Dispute, and Christian Strife:
" That Life is destin'd, being short, 175
" For serious work, and not for sport :
" That men for Pleasure vainly roam ;
" For Happiness is best at home :
" That they who carry loads of bread,
" Lighten the burden on their head : 180
" But they who merely Beauty marry,
" Increase the burdens which they carry ;
" One drops a loaf at ev'ry door,
" T'other of yearly child is sure :
" That men should wisely choose a Wife, 185
" The *Hell* or *Happiness* of life.

" Knowledge is often dearly bought ;

" By Experience, not by Reason, taught.

" For men are hoodwink'd : Who is wise,

" But he who scenes of folly tries ?

" Hence the great use of Books to teach,

" Without Experience, what we preach,

" That Virtue only we must deem,

" Deserving of sincere esteem :

" To *Titles* which foul vices stain,

" The outward form of it we feign :

" That Conscience is the poor man's feast,

" Which by his rags is not disgrac'd ;

" That only shall procure him ease

" At last, when toiling life shall cease."

Thus furnish'd, he is call'd away,

To *Country Cure*, to preach and pray.

He labours there, with priestly art,

These Truths to plant in ev'ry heart ;

But rather in the humble Poor,

Whose ear is oft an open door ;

Than

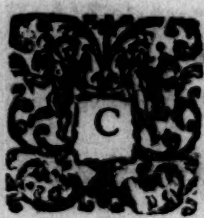
Than to the Rich, who shut their minds,
 Against instructions of all kinds;
 And yet of all he had the love,
 Of those below, and those above.
 In nothing he design'd offence,
 Nor for a quarrel sought pretence.
 He chose a little spot of ground,
 To delve the ditch, and raise the mound;
 To build, and plant, as fancies move,
 The arbour, or the shady * grove;
 For which to Landlord still he owes
 A Rent, which greater yearly grows:
 For he one farthing could not spare,
 Since he was call'd to teach a *Peer*;
 And Rudiments of Science hammer,
 From the first Alphabet of Grammar:
 But how he's suited to this Sphere,
 The *Muse* refuses to declare.

* * * * *

* *Fairy Fort* ; or, *The Pleasures of an Acre.*



To Three LADIES,
Who desired the AUTHOR to write a
Compliment to them.

 COU'D I with colours make the canvas
And paint an *Iris* with her various bow,
Or *Venus* whole, above, below the
And finish what *Apelles* had begun;
Cou'd I direct my pen with *Dedal* hand,
To write in noblest verse what you command,
Then verse or colours should give each her due;
All * Artists envying me, and Women you;
That I, inspir'd, could write such tuneful lays;
And you, th' inspirers, cou'd deserve such praise: 10
Each lover then, completely bless'd to be,
Wou'd wish that you were one, or he was three;
And thus your triple matchless charms he'd sing,
And in smooth triplets Love's sweet changes ring.

* Poets and Painters.

To Three LADIES, &c. 143

(1.)

* Each is as fair, and each as smooth as other; 15
And when thou first try'st one, and then the other,
Each fairer seems than each, and each than each
[seems smoother.]

(2.)

Each is as soft, and each as kind as other;

And when, &c.

(3.)

Each well can charm, and each is good as other; 20

And when, &c.

* *Spencer's Britain's Ida, Cant. 3. ft. 9.*



On FAB I U S a Little Poet's
marrying a Tall Woman.

* *Syllaba longa brevi subiecta vocatur Iambus.*

(1.)

W H E N Chymists *Mercury* sublime,

They're forc'd t' increase their fire,

To make the heavy fluid climb,

And scarce they raise it higher.

(2.)

The Poet's *Mercury*, 'tis said,

Without *Apollo's* heat,

Like this, will never reach the head,

But seeks a lower seat ;

(3.)

Producing sighs, and am'rous spleen,

And daily off'rings paid,

10

In

In senseless vows to *Beauty's Queen*,

For love to ev'ry Maid.

(4.)

With rhyming FABIVS racks his brain ;

Still writes ; nor does he know,

That he mistakes his proper vein,

15

His Merc'ry lies below.

(5.)

With unharmonious verse he woos,

Fair PHYLLIS, five feet tall ;

Climbs to her Chin with high-heel'd shoes,

Nor thinks himself too small.

20

(6.)

PHYLLIS consents, tho' strange the thing !

Sure we may hence preface,

That this Iambick * Match will bring

A Genius for the Stage.

U

(7.) FA-

(7.)

FABIVS still writes, and PHYLLIS misses; 25

Alas, how ill we judge!

In vain he writes, in vain he kisses,

At Head and Tail a drudge.

(8.)

How shall th' unhappy Bard be styl'd,

Who thus is doubly bit? 30

Who neither gets his wife with child,

Nor writes one line of wit.

(9.)

FABIVS, drudge on, unhappy wight;

You're deem'd, do what you can,

From fruitless toils of day and night, 35

Nor Poet, nor a --- Man.





R U L E S

FOR THE
EDUCATION of a DAUGHTER.

P A P E R I.

- - - - - *Hæ nugæ seria ducent*

In mala - - - - - HOR. *Ars Poet.* 451.



T appears pretty plain, that the happiness of a woman consists in the conversation of an agreeable man; and the happiness of a man, in the conversation of an agreeable woman. This principle being laid down without any unnecessary dispute, the following RULES *for the* EDUCATION of a DAUGHTER naturally offer themselves.

Attend, all ye Fathers, Mothers, Aunts, and Guardians of Children; and let this Honey-dew of Instruction flow into your Understandings, to the infinite emolument of Posterity.

I. By all arts and methods give your Child an early notion of Marriage. Let the faint obscure notion which she forms to herself at first, of this important circumstance of life, clear up by degrees, till at last she becomes acquainted with the whole.

II. If your Child be a little stubborn, tempt her with sugar, or raisins, to please you. If you fail in this, be sure to offer a *Hubby, as the choicest sweetmeat, which never fails to make her tractable.

III. In order to give your Child some idea of a Hubby, buy a well-shap'd half-pennyworth of gingerbread, and, by all means, let it have a gilt coat. Give this, with a kiss, as a reward for the first pretty thing which Miss does.

IV. To keep your Child constantly employ'd, and lest the idea of this necessary thing should slip out of her mind, give her cissars and paper; then kiss her, and desire her to cut out a Hubby. You will be surprized how well she will imitate the little gingerbread man; which is a proof to you, that your money was not ill laid out.

* Hubby is the fond way of pronouncing Husband, with Mothers and Nurses.

V. Get

V. Get a parcel of fond terms by heart, such as *Jewel, Pearl, All-spice, Little Hussy, &c.* Tell her, these are the words her *Hubby* will use to her. You will find she will very quickly learn them, and repeat them often in the marriages of her Babies; which, by this time, she knows how to sort very well, and always puts a *Miss* and a *Master* to bed together.

VI. Because Religion is not yet entirely banished the world, a little still remaining, which *Free-thinkers* say we owe to our Nurses, be sure to teach Miss her *Catechism*; in which, perhaps, you will find her exceedingly dull: But if you substitute proper meanings in the place of the hard words of it, she will learn it with great ease. Tell her, that the word *pomp* signifies a necklace; the word *vanity*, a handsome open breast; the word *article*, a strait neck, and upright body; the word *baptism*, a marriage; the word *devil*, an ugly ill-natur'd man; to *renounce the devil*, to abhor and shun all such. If you inculcate the terms of Religion in this manner, I will engage, there is not a pretty Miss, who has form'd any notion of a *Hubby* from paper and gingerbread, that will not learn the *Catechism* with great facility.

VII. By

144 RULES for the Education of a Girl.

VII. By this time Miss will begin to be a little bashful, because she will begin to be in earnest; she will make a manifest distinction bewixt men and women; in approaching these more familiarly than those. Always commend her for this; but teach her to fly from a man with an *attractive air, and to return with a seeming difficulty, to give a cold salute. Teach her, in short, some sensible way, that cannot well be described, of letting a man know, that her heart is warm to him, tho' her lips are cold.

*Thus teach the little thing the soothing art,
To give and feel a Lover's teasing smart.
A Child so tutor'd, we may justly fear,
Will play the fool before the fifteenth year.*

* Skill'd to retire; and, in retiring, draw
Hearts after them, intangl'd in am'rous nets.

Milt. Par. Reg. book II. 161.





P A P E R II.



MISS having learn'd her Catechism, and consequently, according to the former Rules, having got a very distinct notion of a Husband, now is the time for the Parent or Tutorefs to shew their skill. As in the fight of the winning post there is always the greatest earnestness as well as the greatest caution, where want of speed or a false step is the loss of the prize; so in the *Education of a Daughter*, when she comes in full prospect of Matrimony, she moves so briskly, that to prevent a trip, which is ever fatal, the Parent must use the utmost watchfulness. Miss is now too old for Gingerbread *Hubbies*; she begins to look at real men. The Seeds of Prudery or Coquetry now shew themselves, and in a short time the nice observers of the Fair Sex will rank her under one of these denominations. To avoid these two quicksands is the great art of the Pilot, and happy the fair one who sails through the safe navigable road to the haven of a true reputation. But this is the case of so very few, that it seems reasonable to lay down these following Rules of Conduct.

VIII. Endeavour to discover the genius of your Child as early as is possible, and encourage her in the way to which you find her inclined, as the speediest method of ripening. For in this you act jointly with nature, whereas by opposing her inclination, you lose a great deal of time, and put off the marriage of your Daughter at least to the twentieth year; who, after all, perhaps is an awkward piece, because unnatural.

IX. If Miss be subject to blushing, it is more than a probable sign of a prude. When therefore you discover the purple beauty spread over her cheeks, rejoice at the happy omen, and in every action afterwards exert your skill to finish a prude.

X. When Miss blushes, never fail to observe it: See how the little thing colours! Then kiss her, and tell her, it makes her look very pretty. When she has once found out this, she will blush, for the same reason for which she puts on a suit of cloaths, to make herself more charming: So that the very thing which was intended for a guard to virtue, shall be made (wondrous distortion of Nature!) an instrument of pride.

XI. It is now time for Miss to handle her pen, and to read books more directly for her purpose,

than the Bible and Prayer-book. Begin with any short trifling Romances, but finish her mind with folios of erudition, *Pembroke's Arcadia*, and *Grand Cyrus*. Let her transcribe all the amorous passages in a fair hand, by which means she will form a notion of an Husband quite inconsistent with human nature; she will expect, that every Lover will come to her as a votary upon his knees; and that he who marries her, is no more than an agent or purveyor for her pleasures. The sweet ideas impressed upon her infant mind by Gingerbread men, Comfits, and Mother's kisses, contribute very much to this. For tho' she is now ashamed of childish toys, yet the habitude of the mind, acquired by the use of them, still remains. This makes her look upon Matrimony as a state of unmix'd happiness. She will not so much as conceive one disagreeable circumstance attending it. In short, it is as sweet as a comfit. The little coach which delighted her in the nursery, being now contemptible, her idea is widen'd to the dimensions of one that seems to make the pavement smother under it, and the bowels of the Earth to tremble. She will marry with the expectation of this sounding pompous machine, and miserable the husband who cannot, or will not, furnish her with it.



*The Fruits of EDUCATION de-
scribed in the Two foregoing
PAPERS.*

P A P E R III.

— *I pede fausto*
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. HOR. II. Ep. 2.



Having got Miss out of the nursery, and having placed her on the thresh-hold of the new world of Matrimony, it would be unkind in me to part with her without any ceremony or friendly advice for her future conduct.

She is now in full view of a fair haven, whose smooth surface is a temptation to try to walk upon it. The sportive *Dolphins* and musical *Syrens* attending *Neptune*, as he slides along th' unruffled watry plain in his sea-carriage, beautifully spangled with glittering shells, represent the parade of Matrimony. What Sea-nymph would not desire to be

Neptune's

Neptune's Bride, when he appears in his amiable pomp? And what Land-nymph would not wed my Lord, when he comes a courtier in no less shining magnificence? He makes two or three visits, asks the question, and Miss is my Lady.

Now the fond Parent rejoiceth to see the day that returns her the fruits of all her labour and ingenuity. The notions impress'd upon the infant mind by her constant care and observation, tho' hitherto employed on trifles, must surely now exert themselves in actions of importance. Miss has at last got that desirable object, a Husband; which, with the utmost stretch of imagination, she had been many years painting to herself in the most beautiful colours. Since the state of Matrimony was all along represented to her by things which conveyed the greatest pleasure, she thinks herself now in possession of that which completes human happiness. The rich jewels, and costly apparel, which are customary presents upon this occasion, are supposed to be but the earnest of an uninterrupted scene of delights that are to follow. This being a true representation of the mind of a young Lady educated according to the foregoing principles upon her entrance into Matrimony; I will address myself to such a one with the following collection of useful Rules for matrimonial behaviour.

156 *The Fruits of EDUCATION.*

I. Having at last got the Toy you pined for, begin immediately to play the same changes of folly on your new *Baby* on the stage of the world, which you practised in your nursery upon engines of less note.

II. At first be a little bashful, and keep him at some distance. Receive visits in great form, and stiff decorum. Let company distinguish your Husband by no other mark so well, as that of your being more ashamed to speak to him, than to an intire stranger.

III. In a few days become more familiar, and do not blush to kiss your new *Baby* in company; receive him on your knee, and sometimes sit upon his; throw your head languishingly back, and sip love from his lips. Every little distortion you used to put your wooden machines into, practise upon your supple Husband.

Thus one Calendar month passes without the least uneasy idea. But let the marriage be made under what heavenly sign you will, the sign which rules the second month is often of an evil aspect. Clouds, rain, lightning, and hurricanes make up the hideous night-piece of the remainder of Matrimony. For the spirits, tho'
raised

raised by love, must flag in time; being like musical strings stretched to their highest tone, which time will slacken, and if further stretch'd, will break. Tho' this be the necessary consequence of feeble human nature, yet, pray, young Bride, observe this Rule.

IV. The respite of nature always take for coldness of love, and treat your new *Baby* upon this occasion with the same resentment with which you used to treat your little penny machines. 'Tis true, he is too big to be whipt; but you may frown him to death. You cannot throw him out of the window, and demolish him at once; but you can by constant teasing make life less desirable, than immediate death. Let every thing become disagreeable to you. The coach is not fine enough, the roads are intolerably rough: When in the country, long to be in town; when in town, long to be in the country; and breathe as if the air was infectious in both. The old-fashioned mansion-house must be pulled down, and one of modern architecture erected in less than a season. The course of a river must be turned to make a bowling-green; which must displease you so much, that the waters must be brought back to their usual channel. If it rains, the poor Husband must
be

be scolded; if a dish of meat be wrong plac'd at the table, he at the foot must lay down a hundred pounds for some tawdry utensil, in hopes of obtaining a few minutes good-nature. In short, if you act the part of a well-educated Lady, the Husband must answer for all the evils of life, that now begin to flow fast upon you; he must even give in bail for the elements, and assure you of good weather, or lay out half his fortune in toys to entertain you one rainy season. Nor is this all: carry your resentment to such a pitch, that every limb of him may become deformed in your eyes. Do not bear to look at him, except with a transient glance, that darts poisoned rays to his heart. Do not bear to hear him speak; for his *English*, tho' not the roughest language, is as bad as *High-Dutch*, and every word is the grumbling of thunder. His arts to please you, however studied, must be vexatious to you. The making a retinue, building, planting, removing from town to country, and from country to town, &c. if not as easy to be had as childrens toys, must put you out of your wits.

In fine, if these Rules, which necessarily follow from the principles of Education laid down, be put in practice, it will appear, that the married Lady is deceived in every circumstance, who
from

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from being a very entertaining Child, is become a very miserable Woman. The trifling joys of infancy produce the real woes of an adult state. For she at last, in about——years after marriage, tells that hideous monster her Husband, by a second hand, (for she loaths him so much, that she will not speak to him herself) that she would rather dwell with savages in the woods, than with him, and begs that they may part for the sake of mutual happiness. After an inconceivable expence in entertaining her for this short time, he gives a separate allowance, and she returns to her relations, to whose discerning judgment, and laudable knowledge of Education, she owes all the happiness of Childhood, and all the misery of Marriage.

Note, These papers were written in 1733, for the use of a young Lady who has received considerable benefit from them.





A

SPECIMEN

O F

Moral, Political, Theological, Poetical GEOMETRY.

T is matter of surprize, that this ingenious age has not made improvements in moral and political Geometry; by which is meant the application of Geometrical problems and propositions to moral and political affairs. There is hardly any thing written, that is not in some measure distorted that way; except Geometry, which I think has been hitherto free from that violence, from an opinion, I suppose, that *Euclid* and *Archimede* never intended any thing of this kind when they wrote; and the Geometricians, who have studied them since, seem to be so intirely abstracted from all worldly concerns, that Mankind has been ashamed to impute any more to them,

them; than the mere measurement of Extension. But the Reader will be pleased to have patience to hear some instances, wherein *Geometry* does evidently respect *Morality* and *Policy*, as well as that which is properly its object.

Geometry is conversant about *quantity*: And *quantity* is defined to be that whereby a thing is said to be greater or less than another. Now, what is *Policy*, but the Art of becoming great in the world; and of preserving the proper distance between the higher and the lower, the richer and the poorer; that is, the greater and the lesser of mankind?

But the radical signification of the word *Geometry*, is the Measurement of the Earth; and that in order to circumscribe and divide Property; invented, as History informs us, upon account of the overflowing of the *Nile*, which annually confounded all divisions of land. And is not *Policy* principally conversant about the same? Are not most of the Disputes between Princes about Territories; between Subjects about Estates? And is it not the business of honest *Policy*, to determine these honestly? of knavish *Policy*, to engross all that can be acquired by fraud and violence?

Geometricians require certain *Data*; without which they cannot reason; and for the obtaining of which they can assign no reason, but some

pretended Self-evidence. Two of these *Data* are, A Right Line may be drawn between any two Points; and a Circle may be drawn with any Radius. What are these but Politics express'd geometrically? Does not the Politician in *Europe* fix upon some Point in *America*, and insist upon the self-evident Right of making a strait Road there? and then, with the Radius of that Road, he circumscribes a great quantity of the Globe, exclusive of the rest of Mankind.

Geometricians have Definitions: A *Point*, say they, is the beginning of Quantity, but has no Dimensions itself. The flowing of a *Point* produces a *Surface*; which has two Dimensions, *length*, and *breadth*: The flowing of a *Surface* produces a *Solid*; which has three, *length*, *breadth*, and *depth*.

Politicians have what they call *Titles*, differing very little from *Points* or *Tittles*; being certain imaginary things of no moment, or political dimensions, in themselves: yet these *Titles*, in active moving men, produce many worldly emoluments, which are of real importance; and which, again, by a continuance of activity, produce large possessions in Land; so that the successors to these thriving men may, in the language of Political Geometry, as well as the Civil Law, be styled *Hæredes in Solidum*.

A Right Line is the shortest that can be drawn betwixt two Points. What truer definition of Honesty, which is that which takes the straightest way to a desirable End? whereas the knave *winds*, and *screws*, and *serpentizes*. Vid. Fig. 1. The Strait Line a b represents Honesty; the other Lines different Roads of Knaves. And I have heard of a very ingenious definition of an upright down-right honest Man: *Homo perpendiculariter probus*. Vid. Fig. 2. And as a Right Line represents Honesty, so does a Square, which is a Right-lined Figure with Right Angles, the opposite Sides being parallel, and all the Sides equal. Hence the expression, *To act upon the square*, or fairly and honestly, with a man.

An Angle is said to be the inclination of two Lines to each other, so as to meet in a Point. Geometricians commonly express an Angle by three letters; the middle of which denotes the Point of Union. A most apt representation of Factions, and also of that which at last unites them. A late Edition of *Euclid* has chosen frequently to denote an Angle thus, W C T. vid. Fig. 3: By which, it is plain, he meant two very well-known *Parties* in a certain State; and also by the letter C (*Constitution*), that which must at last unite them.

A Circle is an excellent Emblem of a Monarchical State: The King in the Center, (for Royal

Seats are commonly in the Center of their Dominions) diffuses his Rays of Benevolence all around, to every Point in the Circumference. *Vid. Fig. 4.* If the Circle be moved round the Center, every Point in the Circumference must continue its tendency to the Center; otherwise it flies off in a Tangent. So Subjects, when they once lose reciprocal affection for their Sovereign, become Political *Tangents* to the State; that is, *Rebels*.

A Circle is the most capacious of Figures; and in Political Geometry is justly representative of the Form of Government mentioned: It is generated always by one *Revolution*.

Geometricians observe many seeming contradictions in a Circle, of which *Aristotle* has particularly remark'd three. 1. A Circle is generated by *Rest* and *Motion*. The Radius is in motion at the time the Extremitie of it rests in the Center. 2. As all the Points of the Radius describe unequal Spaces in equal Times, the celerities are very different. In this surely a Political State is well described; some of the Members of which are always labouring; and as you rise in your Observation through the several degrees of it to the Center, you pass through different Degrees of Activity; lessening continually 'till you come to a *Point at rest*. 3. The Periphery of a Circle consists of a *Concave* and a *Convex*; and yet it has no Breadth,

Breadth. These do very well represent a State, in which, for the most part, there are such Contradictions, both of *Laws* and *Factions*; that human Policy seems, in most Cases, to tend rather to Confusion and Destruction, than to Peace and Order. Hence it is, that some Reasoners do very judiciously evince a *Providence*, from the Subsistence of States for many Centuries, notwithstanding the opposition of human Policy to Peace and Order.

If the Center of a Circle be supposed to rise gradually in a Line perpendicular to the Area, and all the *Radii* to rise with it, and to lengthen in proportion; then the Reader has an Idea of a Political *Cone*; the *Vertex* of which is a *Sovereign*, and the *Base* a *Populace*. Vid. *Fig. 5*. And such a *Cone* is a *right Cone*, and is a very stable Solid, the *Vertex* being equally supported by Lines drawn from all Points of the *Base*. But had the Center of the Circle rose in a Line oblique to the Area, then the Solid would have been an *oblique Cone*; vid. *Fig. 6*. which is a very tottering Solid, and is representative of a factious State, with a great Superiority of Power in one Party over another.

Geometricians say, that *Space* cannot be circumscribed by less than three Lines, which make a *Triangle*. How nearly does that relate to a certain Government, said to consist of Three Estates, all

absolutely necessary to its Subsistence? And yet there are Factions even in Geometry; for some say, that *Space* may be circumscribed by one Line; that is, a Circle: But this, I think, is speaking very *arbitrarily*. I must not omit to observe, that a Circle so properly represents Government, that the *German Empire* is divided into Circles.

The Use of a Circle, in respect to *Morality* as well as *Politics*, must not be passed by. It was observed before, that perpendicular Lines express *Honesty*; and consequently, all Lines drawn with any deviation from them, so as to make acute Angles, may express different degrees of *Knavery*; Hence the common expression of an *acute Knaave*. Now since all angles are measured by portions of Circles, here is a most accurate Method of determining geometrically the greatness of a man's Knavery. For since perpendicular lines always make right angles, the measures of which are quadrants, or 90 degrees of a Circle; these will admit of 90 divisions, and if you please, each of these will admit of 60 more; to all which points, if lines be drawn from the angular point, where the honest or perpendicular lines meet, there will be made so many *Angles of Knavery*, all increasing to the middle or 45th degree of the quadrant, and decreasing from hence to the 90th. In conversation hitherto, we have no distinctions for mens Characters but honesty,

honesty, knavery, and great knavery. But according to moral Geometry, we may speak more accurately, and say; such a man is a knave of 45 degrees, or 30, or 10; the last of which will be most frequently in use, there being very few men that can be called perpendiculars, or indeed within less than ten degrees of it; except when paltry writers erect their patrons into the acutest angle they can make, or even to a perpendicular Honesty, beyond all appearance of Truth.

So that altho' the semiquadrantal arch of Knavery will admit of many small divisions, as of $45^d \times 60^m$, yet there will be very little occasion for more than what are mark'd in Fig. 12, unless it be for the use of a few virtuous judicious men, who spend much of their time in weighing (or rather, according to this Scheme, in measuring) human actions to a great nicety.

In Fig. 12, observe the two perpendiculars of *honour*, and the *horizon of honesty*. The reason of this is a fanciful distinction made in the world betwixt *honour* and *honesty*; the former being appropriated unto, and also much abused by, the higher part of mankind; and the latter to the lower classes of men. But it appears almost intuitively from the Figure, that these differences are groundless. For all deviations from these two perpendiculars must at last meet in 45 degrees, which

is equi-distant from them both, and can partake only of one denomination, that is, the highest degree of knavery.

This, therefore, being an eternal demonstration of this truth, let *honour* and *honesty* hereafter be deem'd synonymous terms; and if it be *honest* in a mechanic to pay his debts, let it not be called *honour* in a man of fortune not to pay his: If it be *honest* in a poor man to love his wife and children, let it not be *honour* in a rich man to prostitute his: If it be *honest* in a mean man to love his country, and to pray and fight for its preservation; let it not be called *honour* in a person of high station to curse and enslave it. In short, whoever is in the *Zenith of Honour*, is no more praise-worthy than he who is in the *horizon of honesty*; and he who stands upon the latter, is upon the Geometrical pedestal of Virtue, as well as the former: The noblest expression therefore of praise for men of fortune hereafter, shall be, *A man of vertical honour*; and for the commonalty, *a man of horizontal honesty*; which two expressions are of the same importance.

Further, in respect of the moral consideration of a Circle, it may also be made a very proper measure of Virtue; for *Cicero* and others divide human offices into four classes, *Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude*, which are called cardinal

Virtues. Now since two Diameters of a circle perpendicular to each other make four right angles at the center; each of those angles may be the seat of a cardinal Virtue, and a quadrant in that case may be the measure: So that a man may be said to be in the 1st, 2^d, 3^d, 4th, &c. (to the 90th) degree of Prudence or Justice, &c. But inasmuch as Christianity explains but one principle of human offices, which it calls *Love* or *Charity*; to adapt a Circle to the Christian Scheme, this Love or Charity must be supposed to be a central point equally respecting the whole circumference: So that a Christian may be said to be in any degree of Grace or Virtue from 1 to 360.

Hence also the superiority of Christian grace over heathen morality appears, inasmuch as a whole periphery is larger than a quadrant.

And now that we have got into the *circle of Christianity*, let us see how much further we may proceed in geometrical Theology. Suppose lines drawn from the Extremity of a diameter to a point in the circumference; those two lines with the diameter make a right-angled Triangle; of which the diameter is the hypotenuse; and the square of it is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides, including the right angle. What is this but a Theological Triangle, *Faith, Hope, and Charity*? The last of which is the Christian hypotenuse,

and always greater than either *Faith* or *Hope*; for the greatest of these is *Charity*.

I shall not make a Circle an Emblem of *Unity*, nor a Triangle inscribed in it an Emblem of the *Trinity in Unity*, as some have done, even to make an ornament over the altar, with *Θεός*, or *Jehovah* in it*: Because I am entirely convinced, that we have no adequate idea of any spirit; and therefore to represent the mysteries of faith by a sensible figure, is impious. Nor will I detain the reader with many things of less note, as that Octoedrons, Dodecaedrons, Squares, &c. may be representative of 8 Beatitudes, 12 Apostles, 4 Evangelists, &c. But I will observe in general, that a vast deal of Theology must be contained in Geometry. A very holy Book tells us, that God has ordered all things in *Measure*, and *Number*, and *Weight* †, which are all evidently Mathematical terms.

The late wonderful discoveries in Natural Philosophy shew to a Demonstration, that the whole Universe is founded upon principles of Geometry; and therefore the great *Barrow* has prefixed to his *Apollonius*, these words, 'Ο ΘΕΟΣ Γεωμετρει, and begins his prayer thus; *Tu autem, Domine, quantus es Geometra!* Whosoever understands the

* An ingenious print of this kind may be seen in the title-page of the Parisian Edition of Aristotle's *Ethics* in folio.

† Wild. xi. 20.

Incomparable Sir *Isaac Newton's Principia*, can have no doubt of this; and they, who do not understand that Book, may be very fully convinced of this truth, from many treatises of Experimental Philosophy, particularly that of the *late ingenious Doctor Richard Helsham*, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of *Dublin*, published since his death with improvements by the learned Doctor *Bryan Robinson*.

In short, if there be any one so absurd as to say, that Geometry has no relation to Theology, to such a one it may with confidence be replied, *he doth err, not knowing the Scriptures*. For the Scriptures do evidently appeal to the natural world for divine truths, but the natural world cannot be understood to purpose without Geometry. Nay, from Geometry I learn the most convincing argument to induce me to believe mysteries of faith: for from the 16th of the III^d of *Euclid*, I learn to believe the truth of a proposition fairly demonstrated, notwithstanding many insuperable difficulties that follow from it. Vid. *Tacquet's Euclid*. And what does faith require of me more?

Here I cannot avoid mentioning St. *Paul's* accurate geometrical way of speaking, *Eph. iii. That ye being rooted and grounded in Love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know,*

the love of Christ. What is this but an expression for a *solid* love of Christ, in opposition to a *superficial* one? Depth and height are the same dimension, and *altus* is *Latin* for high and deep.

In order to give some credit to the Moral Method of treating Geometry, from the Antiquity, as well as the Reasonableness of it, let the Reader consult *Aristotle*, who has wrote excellently well upon Morals; and he may there learn how useful Geometry is to ascertain Moral Virtues. Justice, says the great Philosopher, is three-fold; *Commulative, Distributive, and Legal*. The first of these observes Arithmetic Proportion, the second Geometric, and the third Harmonic Proportion. Then he proceeds to compare Architects and Shoemakers, Houses and Shoes, &c. What is this, but all that part of Geometry which relates to Proportions apply'd to Morals? Altho' *Barbeyrac*, and some other Writers upon *Jus Civile* among the Moderns, may differ from him in some Particulars; yet they allow his Proportions to be true, for the most part. But let us return to Political Geometry.

It has been remark'd, that some editions of *Euclid* have very significant letters affix'd to angles; the same may be observed too in all parts of the figures: Insomuch that I have heard of a Gentleman who read *Euclid* so carefully, that he could not only demonstrate every proposition, but

but was also able to name the letters of the edition, which he read in the very order, in which they were placed in each figure.

To what purpose did he study the Letters to such accuracy; did he not know, that they contained a most complete System of Morals, Politicks, and Theology? The reason why the valuable Parts of such Knowledge should be conveyed in this artful manner, is plain: It is often very dangerous to write in Politicks with honesty and plainness; and in Morals, all men have an aversion to be instructed. Wherefore he writes most usefully, who writes in such a covert way, that the Reader seems to instruct himself. Hence the great use of Parables, Fables, and *Euclid's* Alphabet.

What has been said, is enough, by way of Specimen, to some Genius, who may perhaps be encouraged, if the world thinks favourably of this, to bring this matter to perfection; as a further encouragement to which, and in order to make notions of Morals and Politics, which are commonly dry, more palatable, I recommend it to him to treat the subject poetically: For I have found *Euclid* very susceptible of the decorations of those who pretend inspiration from *Phæbus*. *B's* and *f's* and *g's* will sound very ordinary without Epithets; and therefore I propose the compiling a Dictionary beforehand, or rather, *Gradus ad Eubr*

cam & Politicam, wherein all the letters of the alphabet shall have proper Epithets affixed to them: That the Poetical Interpreter may thereby be amply furnished with words of different lengths to fill up lines. If it be objected, These Epithets will no way concern the Geometrical part; I answer, What then? Are there not many modern Poems, wherein the Epithets do not at all strengthen the Sense, but are like water in a dropical man, and serve only to swell? Tap one and the other, the man and the poem have just as many solid natural parts after, as before: But these Epithets will be absolutely necessary to the Moral and Political part.

Now the kind of *Gradus* which I mean, may be compiled thus with very little pains. Consider what remarkable words each letter begins, and take your Epithets from thence: As for instance; *A* begins *Anarchy, Archbishop, Angel, &c.* Your Epithets then must be Wicked, Pious, Spiritual, Holy, &c. *B* begins *Britain, Brasil, Barbary*: The Epithets then are Victorious, Infidel, Swarthy, &c. *C* begins *Catholic, Church, Court, Country.* *K* begins *Knight, Kingdom, Knave, &c.* *S* begins *Spaniards, Spoiler, Senate, &c.* And *M* begins many things besides *Minister*: The Epithets for all which are pretty plain. — In this manner the Geometrical, Political, Moral, Theological

Poet

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Poet may be furnished with excellent Helps to publish an useful Volume of *Geometry*.

The following Demonstrations are a Proof of what is possible to be done even without this *Gradus* : How beautiful would they be, if each letter had its proper Epithet !

The LUNÆ or MOONS of Hippocrates, demonstrated Poetically.

LEMMA.

If on the Sides of a Right Triangle *Fig. 7.*

You let three sim'lar Figures dangle ;

The great one, big as th' other two,

I shall by Demonstration shew.

DEMONSTRATION.

If you remember *Euclid's* book ;

If not, 'tis worth your while to look

In Book the 6th, where you may find,

That Figures of a sim'lar kind,

Are, as the Squares of Sides om'logous,

Which, for Rhyme, will greatly clog us :

The

The Figure *A* will therefore be,
 Unto the Figures *B* and *C*,
 As *a c* squar'd to *a b* squar'd,
 And *c b* in like manner prepar'd :
 But forty-seventh of first declares
 Square *a c* equals both those Squares :
 The figure *A* therefore shall be
 Equal to *B* conjoin'd with *C*.

PROPOSITION.

If on *r f* a Semicircle, *Fig. 8*.
 And on *f l* you draw an *r l*;
 These two to third shall equal be,
 As by the *Lemma* you may see.
 Now view the complex figure nearly,
 And take from both Sides *A, B* fairly,
 You certainly will leave behind
 Remainders equal not of kind :
 The two imperfect Moons, *l o r*, *fangil*,
 Equal together the Triangle.

COROL-

COROLLARY.

If rgn be *Isofceles*, Fig. 9.

Each Moon to other equal is ;

And to Triangles rgo ,

And ogn , as all must know.

If the Triangle be *scalenum*, Fig. 10.

They who have all Geom'try in 'em,

Cannot, I'm sure, divide it so,

That ogn and rgo

Shall equal each a little Moon ;

The Circle they may square as soon.

*A Specimen of Epithetical Political
Geometry.*

Suppose, according to the *Data* of Geometry,
I am to draw a Right Line between the Points *B*
and *S*, and with that Right Line to describe a
Circle ; I express it thus :

Victorious B to baughty S shall run, Fig. 11.

And make the strong, wise, valiant Circle GUN.

According to the *Gradus ad Ethica & Politica*,
B begins *Britain*, *S* *Spaniard*, *G* *Gibraltar*,
A a U *Ulysses*,

*U*Ulysses, *N* Normans our Conquerors. From whence also the Epithets are very plain, as well as the great depth of Politics contained in them *. *S* is not named in the Circle, because it was before considered as the Extremity of a Right Line. In Political Geometry, the double naming of Letters would occasion confusion : But if the Reader has a mind to stick tenaciously to the Geometrical Form, let it be *GUNS*; and then it will also very properly express those Instruments whereby the Imperial Circle shall be made.

COROLLARY.

I shall not say any more, lest I should enlarge this *Specimen* into a Treatise, and prevent a better execution of this useful Design by some abler Hand. But I must acquaint you, by way of *Corollary* to the whole, that one very considerable Advantage will immediately accrue to *Religion* from hence : For all sorts of Enthusiasts amongst us will be so charmed with this mystical way of writing, that they will certainly apply themselves to the Moral Study of *Euclid*, and relinquish the *Bible*; by which means sober pious Christians, who have a mind to serve

* For they mean thus much : Victorious Britain shall send a Fleet to the Dominions of Spain, which shall reduce the haughty Spaniards to Terms : By which it shall be enabled to circumscribe the Extent of its own Dominions in Europe and America. Vid. Fig. II.

GOD sincerely, and follow their Employments diligently, may go on in an holy Course, without being teaz'd with the Ravings of frantick Men upon that Book, which is the Fountain of rational Piety.

In respect to Education, considerable Advantages may redound from hence to both Sexes. For the rendering of Geometry in Verse, will evidently allure the Ladies to the study of it. How far this knowledge may be of use in the Oeconomy of a Family, is pretty obvious to be conceived. We shall have Officers Wives making Pyes in the forms of Fortifications, and helping their Husbands in military terms to Bastions, Parapets, &c. of them: And the Children too, by this means, reducing Geometry to practice, without the appearance of study. How pretty must it be, to hear a Boy of four years old call for so many Degrees, or an Angle, of Apple-pye; and the Mother very accurately, and with great dispatch, serving him! For Compasses may be very well contrived to answer the use of Forks. How easy may it be to keep peace at table then, when all the young ones shall see, to a demonstration, an equality of distribution of whatever is palatable at a table; and how nicely may they learn to divide a joint of Meat into any number of equal parts! which shall be of singular use to them, when they shall be sent to some seats of Learning, where it is customary for

the junior, whose office it is to carve, and to choose last, to make many an indifferent meal, for want of this necessary skill.

If a Leg of Mutton be served up, the Mother may convey many useful Propositions in Conics to her young family : For this being nearly a Cone in figure, she may cut it either *elliptically*, *parabolically*, or *hyperbolically*, and penetrate even to the very marrow of the *axis*. Or if she has a mind to convey Geographical Notions, of which young minds are very susceptible, she may take occasion, from a Leg of Mutton, to give the Geography of *Africa* ; and from a Shoulder, that of *South America* ; to which those great portions of the Globe are exceedingly like, as commonly laid down in our Maps. (*Vid. ---*) Nay, the lesser ornaments of a table may be so disposed, as to exhibit the order and disposition of all the adjacent Islands. In this manner a Boy may ask for a slice of Mutton in any Climate or Latitude he pleases, from the Pope's Eye, which lies directly under the Line, to the Venison of the Shank, or the Cape of Good Hope. The fat and greasy parts, which answer to *Negro-land* and *Guinea*, children seldom choose.

Second Courses, which are commonly a number of fine things, may be disposed into Astronomical Systems. So that from *Ptolemy*, one of the first Modellers of the Heavens, to *Copernicus*

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the last and truest, this pleasant and useful Knowledge may be clearly, easily, and pleasantly conveyed. But it would be endless to pursue all the Advantages that would redound to Society from this new Institution. In short, all that part of life, which is spent in meat and drink, and, from a depraved custom in the world, is a great waste of precious Time, would hereby become exceedingly beneficial to Mankind; inasmuch as the mind may be fed with knowledge by those very means which supply the body with necessary food. And St. Paul's precept may be strictly observed; *Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying* *. — For the hafts of knives, and edges of plates and dishes may be adorned with all sorts of mathematical Figures, and useful Tables calculated for expedition in practice; so that all the intervals of eating may be profitably filled up with the amusements of Science: And since many mathematical expressions and propositions may be applied to Morality and Theology, as appears from what has already been observed, such conversation may convey edification in a higher and spiritual

sense, * * * * *

Eph. iv. 29.

F I N I S

the first and most important of these is the fact that the English language is a synthetic language, and that it is a language of inflections. This means that the words of the language are inflected, and that the inflections are used to show the grammatical relation of the words to one another. This is in contrast to the analytic languages, in which the words are not inflected, and the grammatical relation is shown by the position of the words in the sentence. The English language is a synthetic language, and it is a language of inflections. This means that the words of the language are inflected, and that the inflections are used to show the grammatical relation of the words to one another. This is in contrast to the analytic languages, in which the words are not inflected, and the grammatical relation is shown by the position of the words in the sentence.



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